

Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder #Chapter 1011: Chapter 68 : A Special Necklace - Read Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Chapter 1011: Chapter 68 : A Special Necklace

Sasha

Gasping, I woke up and sat bolt upright. Images of a magical orb artifact still floated in my mind from the dream I was having.

For several nights in a row, I was plagued with dreams of that same orb. It was magical somehow, but I couldn't remember the details.

Groaning, I leaned forward and rubbed my temples. A shadow figure of a man swirled in front of my eyes. He was in the dream too. Sometimes, he was holding the orb out to me. Other times, he was just moving on the edge of my vision.

I never got a clear look at his face, but something in my heart told me I could trust him.

He was just a shadow, and the orb was just a dream.

Sighing, I dropped my hands and looked around my room. My wedding dress hung on the back of my closet door, still safe in its dress bag. My bachelorette party dress was draped over my desk chair across from my bed.

Some shoes and other odds and ends I needed for the upcoming wedding were scattered around, along with the magazines I'd been using to plan the wedding.

"You up yet, Sasha?" Donovan poked his head in.

I glanced up and nodded, smiling.

"Great. I was hoping you could make me some breakfast before I go to work."

"Oh... yeah." I put my legs over the side of the bed and grabbed my robe.

"Thanks. I've got to leave in about ten minutes, so, hurry, hurry." Donovan blew me a kiss and left the room.

I stared after him for a moment. Yeah, that was the guy I was marrying. Some days, it seemed like the best decision in the world. Other days, it felt like this, like I was some live-in servant.

I threw my hair up and headed to the kitchen. Donovan drank his coffee and read the morning paper while I threw together an omelet for him.

“You remember that my bachelorette party is tonight, right?” I set the plate in front of him.

He didn’t even look up at me. “Yeah, I know. You’ll have a good time.”

“I plan to.”

“Good, good.” He still didn’t look at me, or thank me, as he dug into his omelet.

Sighing, I went back to the stove and started making my own breakfast.

After a few minutes, Donovan came up behind me. He kissed my cheek.

“Are you ready to get married?”

I nodded.

“Good, because I’ve been looking forward to this for a long time.” He kissed my cheek again and left. He never told me to have a good day or that he couldn’t wait to see me at the end of the day.

When I went to eat my own breakfast, I noticed that he left all his dishes on the table, one with a half-eaten omelet.

My shoulders sagged and I shook my head.

Well, this was the life I signed up for. I’d agreed to marry him, and it was too late to turn back now.

I cleaned up the kitchen, humming to myself. The whole time, I kept thinking of that stunning emerald I’d seen at the jewelry store a few days before. I walked past it almost every day while I was finishing up wedding plans. It seemed so familiar, and there was a part of me that didn’t feel like my wedding would be complete without it.

I did a little more tidying around the house before I headed into town to pick up the printed schedules for the day of the wedding. They listed members of the wedding party, the officiant, and a general schedule of when the ceremony would start and the reception.

On my way back home, I stopped at the jewelry store again. The little emerald pendant still sat in the window. This time, instead of staring at it all day, I went inside. There was just something about the pendant and the closer the wedding got, the stronger my desire to touch it and wear it became.

The store was filled with glass cases that showed off all kinds of jewelry—rings, pendants, earrings, and bracelets. They all had different kinds of gemstones of varying levels of rarity and purity. Everything sparkled as I walked through the aisles.

“Can I help you?” the jeweler asked.

“There’s an emerald in the window that I’d like to take a look at.”

He nodded and went to the window. When he returned, he had the emerald pendant. He set it on the counter in front of me and pulled out a matching chain from another jewelry case.

“This is truly a lovely piece. And this chain matches it perfectly. Do you have a special vacation you’re considering it for?”

“Well, I’m getting married in a few days.”

“This emerald would truly make you into a princess bride.”

The jeweler slipped the emerald on the chain. He walked behind me and looped it around my neck. There was a mirror behind the counter and I saw my reflection with the gorgeous pendant.

I touched the pendant, holding it between my fingers. I couldn’t explain it, but it felt like it belonged to me. I never wanted to take it off.

“I love it. I’ll take it.”

The jeweler packed it into a little box for me but as soon as I was outside, I put it back around my neck.

That’s much better, I thought.

When the sun went down, I met my bridesmaids at the bar. They were so happy and excited about the wedding. I put on a big smile and joked with them, but I wasn’t feeling the same levels of excitement.

For some reason, whenever I touched the pendant, I thought about the dreams I was having, about the orb and the mysterious man. My mind kept wandering despite being surrounded by my friends.

I looked around the bar and saw a man close by staring at me. Something was familiar about him, and I absently touched the emerald again.

“Come dance with us,” one of my bridesmaids begged.

I had that nagging feeling that I forgot something, like I’d left the oven on before leaving the house. I knew it was a reaction to that guy.

“Go on without me. I’ll catch up.”

The man came closer. He gave me a friendly smile and held his hand out to me. Suddenly, I got a flash of the mysterious man from my dream.

“Sasha.”

“Who are you?” I took a step back.

“My name is Lucas. I know you don’t remember, but we know each other pretty well.”

I creased my brow. Suddenly, I felt like this guy was not someone who I wanted to talk to. He was already talking crazy.

“I don’t think so.”

“Really, Sasha, I promise you.” He looked at me with pleading eyes, his hand still outstretched.

I bit my lower lip and eyed his hand. There was a large part of me that wanted to believe him and trust him.

My heart urged me to do it. But the nagging in my brain held me back. Something about him was so familiar and... uncomfortable.

“We really know each other? You know that sounds a little crazy, right?”

“I wish I didn’t have to spring this on you, Sasha. But we need to act fast. Time is running out.”

“Time? What are you talking—No, you know what, I don’t want to know.” I shook my head and crossed my arms.

The man, Lucas, sighed and dropped his hand. His expression changed and suddenly, I knew him....

“You!” I snapped, pointing a finger in his face.

Lucas stared at me, startled. “Um....”

“I remember you! You’re nothing but a bully! You bullied me when I was a kid. You broke my bracelet.”

He gave me a sheepish look and glanced from side to side. “Oh... so that did happen here, too.”

“Whatever. You’re Lucas Black, a menace to me from my childhood. What the hell are you doing here and why are you talking to me like we’re old friends?”

“It’s a lot to explain and I wish I had the time to tell you everything, but we should get out of here before anything bad happens.”

“I’m not going anywhere with you. In fact, this is my party, and I think you should leave.”

“Sasha, please.” He gave me a gentle, pleading look.

I licked my lips and hesitated. There was still a part of me that wanted to believe him. He sounded so sincere, and I couldn’t help but feel some kind of kindness toward him.

I reached toward him and paused. My memories of the day he’d snatched my necklace and stomped on it, smashing it into the ground, surfaced suddenly and I gasped, pulling away from him.

“I’m sorry, but I can’t. I’m here to celebrate my wedding and you... you’re not a part of my life.”

I turned to join my friends on the dance floor.

“Sasha, wait.” Lucas grabbed my arm.

“No!”

I spun around and punched him in the face.

Lucas reeled back. He grinned and laughed uncontrollably for a moment. He rubbed his chin.

I shook my hand, my knuckles a little bruised from the hit.

“You know, I’ve got to admire how some things stay the same.” He shook his head and chuckled again.

I had no idea what he meant by that but I wasn’t about to ask. At least he wasn’t holding my arm anymore. Absently, I grabbed the emerald pendant again.

Lucas pointed at the emerald. I recognized familiarity in his eyes. He knew something about the necklace.

My curiosity about it momentarily curbed my anger. The necklace had called to me, picked me, and I had no idea why. If Lucas knew anything about it, I wanted to know too.

“Do you know something about this necklace?” I asked. I pulled my fingers away and let the low light of the bar strike the gemstone.

“I’m intimately familiar with it,” Lucas said, smirking. He reached out and plucked the pendant from my skin.

A shiver ran through me as the tips of his fingers barely grazed my skin. I swallowed my unexpected gasp.

“This is a very special necklace. I’m surprised you have it in this reality since you don’t remember much about me.”

His statement brought more questions to my mind. He was talking about realities and making references to things that I didn’t understand. My natural curiosity had me chomping at the bit to ask, but I refrained.

The emerald was the one thing I wanted to know about most.

“Why is it so special?” I asked, my voice very breathy... too breathy, I realized.

My cheeks warmed, and I wished Lucas would release the pendant and step back, despite the fact that I seemed to be enjoying his closeness.

As was my wolf, but I couldn’t figure out why.

“I bought this necklace for you.”

Lucas smirked again.

Read Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Chapter 1011: Chapter 68 : A Special Necklace

Novel Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder has been updated Chapter 1011: Chapter 68 : A Special Necklace with many climactic developments What makes this series so special is

the names of the characters ^^ . If you are a fan of the author Alice Knightsky, you will love reading it! I'm sure you won't be disappointed when you read. Let's read the novel Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder now [HERE](#).

Reading Novel Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Chapter 1011: Chapter 68 : A Special Necklace

Chapter 1011: Chapter 68 : A Special Necklace novel Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder

Lucas

Sasha’s eyes sparkled and I saw her hand twitch. For a moment, it looked like she was going to reach out to me.

She had to feel the mate bond still, regardless of what her memories told her was real in this timeline, right?

Sasha bit her lower lip and pulled back.

“Sasha, my love, what’s going on?”

Donovan appeared, stepping between us. He gave me a quick look and turned to Sasha, taking her hands in his.

My blood boiled and my wolf snarled, ready to launch at him and scratch his eyes out.

I clenched my fists at my sides, but my anger cooled the moment I saw the look of relief in Sasha's eyes.

She gazed at Donovan with something like affection, adoration.

My heart clenched as ice crept down my spine.

“Do you need my help with this... creep?” Donovan tossed me another sharp look.

Sasha nodded vigorously. “Yes, yes, please!”

My stomach twisted as I heard the pleading in her voice. She was begging Donovan to rescue her... from me....

My wolf bristled and snarled, ready to pounce on Donovan, but I held him back. I studied Sasha's face. Her eyes flicked to me and I saw the discomfort she was in. I'd caused that. She really wanted nothing to do with me.

Donovan turned to me with a smug grin.

“Well, well, it looks like you've crashed my fiancée's bachelorette party. I can't allow that, now, can I?” He crossed his arms, muscles bulging.

I planted my feet and glared, ready to fight him right here. It didn't matter if Sasha loved this guy in this reality. He was a complete ass, and I wasn't going to let him stand there with that stupid shit-eating grin on his face.

Donovan chuckled, and I noticed several other muscled shifters moving closer to him from around the bar. They cracked their knuckles and gave me gleeful looks, like they couldn't wait to beat the crap out of me.

“Why don't we take this outside so that you and I can have a chat, man to man?” Donovan suggested.

I gritted my teeth and narrowed my eyes at him.

“I'd rather stay here. I'd like Sasha to see the real Donovan.”

Donovan sniffed. “She knows me. You don't need to worry about that. But if you'd like to resist, we can always make a scene. Although, I'd prefer not to, since this is my fiancée's special night.”

I glanced at Sasha again. She gave me a nervous look and inched closer to Donovan.

As much as I wanted to keep Sasha in my sight, I didn't think Donovan was giving me a choice. He was willing to make a scene, regardless of Sasha's feelings on the matter or how important this night was for her.

I was the one who had to consider Sasha's feelings.

"Fine, I'll meet you out back," I growled, my fists shaking at my sides.

Donovan was lucky that I still cared about Sasha's feelings. Even if this wedding and bachelorette party were a complete mistake, I wasn't going to ruin it for her, not as long as she didn't think it was a mistake.

I headed into the alley out back with Donovan and his entourage close behind me. As soon as we were out there, I whipped around and glared at him.

"You don't deserve her," I snapped, pointing accusingly at him.

Donovan shrugged and slapped my hand away. "Whatever. She chose me, and that's not for me to question. If she loves me and wants to spend the rest of her life with me, who am I to argue?"

My jaw dropped. "Do you even love her back or want to spend the rest of your life with her?"

Donovan frowned. If he was even a half-decent guy, he would immediately shoot back that of course he did and he couldn't imagine being with anyone else.

Instead, he just looked at me, that dumb frown plastered on his face.

"Well, it's not really about what I want. This is what's best for her."

"You're as much of an ass here as you are in my reality," I muttered, shaking my head.

Donovan creased his brow. "What the hell are you muttering about?"

"I know someone else just like you. He wanted to play 'the long game' with Sasha just to get in her pants. You wouldn't be willing to marry someone just to sleep with them, would you?"

"Is that any of your business?"

"Yes! Sasha deserves more than that."

"Do you even know her?" he asked. "From what I could tell, you're just some bully from her childhood. Why do you even care?"

“Because she might not remember, but I know her better than she thinks. She doesn’t like this kind of grandeur that is going into her wedding, and she certainly wouldn’t ever degrade herself by marrying someone as deplorable as you!”

Donovan threw his head back and laughed. “You must not know this Sasha. I’ve heard rumors of alternate timelines flying around lately. Maybe the Sasha you know is from another timeline.”

“No! Sasha is still Sasha. She’s a wonderful person with a big heart. She’s smart and clever and would never resign herself to a miserable life as a housewife with a creep like you.”

Donovan snarled, and his muscley friends grumbled and flexed their arms.

Even if Donovan knew of alternate timelines and realities, I doubted he understood it enough for me to convince him I was really a different Lucas. He probably used it as an excuse to brush me off and didn’t really believe it.

“Sasha and I have shared a lot more than you’ll ever know. We’re connected deeply, and that bond never goes away, even if she makes the misguided decision to marry you.”

Donovan stared at me for a moment. Suddenly, he started laughing again. He tossed his head back and clutched his chest. His whole body trembled as he laughed.

The sound echoed off the alley walls and a shudder went through me.

“Oh, no. Please tell me you don’t think that Sasha is your mate!”

“Well, she’s not yours, is she?” I challenged.

Donovan stroked his chin as he continued to chuckle lightly. “No, she isn’t my mate. But that’s not going to stop me from benefiting from her choices.”

“You bastard!”

“Look, you might think that Sasha is your mate, but I’m telling you, she’s not. Whoever you think you knew, it isn’t her. She’s someone different. Whoever you knew... she doesn’t exist.”

I rolled my eyes and shook my head. “No!”

My wolf echoed my protest in the back of my mind, growling. I felt him rise in my eyes, ready to show himself to Donovan.

“Heh, you can’t intimidate me. Even if you shift, you’ll never be able to take on all of us.” Donovan swept his arm out over his followers.

I glared at them as they flexed their muscles and made punching motions at me. As much as I didn't want to admit it, Donovan had a point. With him and ten others, I might be able to win, but at what cost?

It wasn't that I didn't trust my strength or my wolf's strength, but I was very outnumbered. If my life depended on it, I could do it. But was fighting for Sasha, who didn't even recognize me as her mate, the right time to endanger myself?

No. I had to remain steady and cool-headed or I'd never get us out of this wrong world.

"So, why don't you just walk away?" Donovan put his hand on my shoulder and gave me a fake-friendly smile. "I'll take care of Sasha. You don't need to worry about that. She doesn't even like you, anyway. Why fight for someone who doesn't want you?"

"Take your f*****g hand off me!"

Donovan pulled away and rubbed his fingers together as if I'd just bit him.

"You are a piece of work, aren't you? Why go through all this trouble? She chose me."

"It doesn't matter. I'm not going to let my mate make the worst mistake of her life! How and why she would ever choose scum like you is beyond me. I can't stand by and watch her throw her life away."

Donovan chuckled, his eyes gleaming in the nearby street lights.

"Well, that's the problem, isn't it? The Sasha you think you know would never choose me. You said it yourself. So, why do you still think my Sasha is the same as yours?"

I bristled when Donovan called her "my Sasha."

Clenching my fists, I shook in anger, exerting all my control over myself and my wolf to keep from attacking this smug asshat.

"You don't know what you're talking about. She might not remember, but I know she's still in there. I know she is MY Sasha!" I pointed to my own chest.

"Oh, really? Then tell me, why can't she feel your mate bond? If she did, don't you think she would have been more interested in you? Instead, she asked me to take care of you." Donovan smirked and put his hands on his hips.

He puffed his chest out triumphantly as if he'd just won some huge award.

I shook my head, refusing to believe it. Still, he had a point. Sasha had her wolf in this reality. It wasn't like our ages had changed. Even if she only remembered me as a bully, her wolf should have recognized me as her mate.

“You still think she’s your mate? Still think she’s the same Sasha? You know there’s nothing I could do to trick or confuse her wolf. And yet, she didn’t recognize you or feel any mate bond toward you.”

My hands eased at my sides and I stared at the wall behind Donovan’s head. My wolf gave a mournful howl. All the anger left me and I bowed my head slightly.

I couldn’t deny the truth in Donovan’s words. Was my Sasha really gone? Why could I remember everything from the other timeline but she couldn’t? Did that mean that she hadn’t come with me?

But how could the Moon Goddess fate us to be mates in one reality and not another? It made no sense. I wasn’t quite ready to give up on Sasha yet.

She was wearing the emerald I got her. It meant something to her. I could tell by the way she kept touching it. Regardless of what Donovan said, Sasha had to be in there somewhere. I just needed to get her out.

“Oh, poor, poor Lucas,” Donovan taunted. He ‘tsdk’d’ and shook his head.

I snapped my eyes to him again and glared. “What are you talking about?”

“How much it must suck to be you right now.” He grinned, his lips parting over white teeth, his eyes glinting gleefully.

Read Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Chapter 1012: Chapter 69 : My Sasha TODAY

The novel Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder has been updated Chapter 1012: Chapter 69 : My Sasha with many unexpected details, removing many love knots for the male and female lead. In addition, the author Alice Knightsky is very talented in making the situation extremely different. Let's follow the of the Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder [HERE](#). Keywords are searched: Novel Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Chapter 1012: Chapter 69 : My Sasha Novel Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder by Alice Knightsky

Sasha

“What?” I whispered to myself.

I knew it was wrong to eavesdrop, but I couldn't help it. Looking into Lucas's eyes... I'd been a second away from giving in to him until Donovan intervened. It scared me how much I was drawn to him... and with no good reason.

My wolf didn't seem to mind him, despite how he bullied me, but she wasn't salivating over him either, like I'd expect her to do if Lucas was my mate.

Lucas seemed so certain... could it be true?

Frowning, I put my hand on my stomach and sat down heavily on the doorstep.

They were so engrossed in their testosterone-pissing contest, they didn't even notice me.

All the things Donovan said about me... did he really mean them? I kept telling myself that I could marry him because he loved me and cared about me. I wasn't so sure anymore.

Standing up, I brushed myself off.

Well, I couldn't marry Donovan now. He clearly didn't even care about me. From what I could tell, I was just a trophy to him, and I wasn't going to let myself live my life like that.

Even though I didn't feel like it was me, I really liked the way Lucas described me. He was right. I

shouldn't let Donovan degrade me anymore. I deserved more than that.

As I walked back into the bar, I wondered what else Lucas could be right about.

Was he right about us being mates?

I didn't feel it. But I felt something.

My mind wandered back through the years. I hadn't seen him since we were kids, and the last time I did see him, I hated him. As much as I wanted to hate him now, that wasn't the feeling curling in my stomach.

I had no idea what kind of feeling it was.

I did know that Donovan wasn't my mate. One of the reasons I decided to marry him was because I never felt the mate bond with anyone. He was always there and attentive. We could build a life together and I loved him.

I'd given up on finding my mate.

"Sasha, come dance with us!"

One of my friends grabbed my hands and pulled me onto the dance floor. I laughed and started moving to the music.

I definitely needed the distraction. This was supposed to be my party, after all.

While I danced, I couldn't help thinking about the mate bond again.

Was there a reason I never felt it with anyone? Shifters were all taught that we had a fated mate. But if I didn't feel a mate bond, did that mean I didn't have one? Were they dead? Or was it something else?

The world was full of magic, and it was possible something had been done to me to keep me from feeling or finding my mate.

Who would do such a thing?

“Sasha, stop looking so serious! It's your bachelorette party!”

I smiled and nodded, focusing on dancing and hanging with my friends.

I wasn't going to ruin their night by telling them that I wasn't marrying Donovan. They'd done a lot to plan this for me and it was my party, wasn't it?

I danced and danced until Donovan came back inside. His goons settled around the bar, looking very surly.

I got the feeling they were mad that they didn't get to pummel anyone.

Without realizing it, I kept glancing at the back door. Lucas never reappeared.

“I've got to see Donovan.”

I broke away from my friends and joined him by the bar.

“Is everything okay?”

He nodded shortly. “Yeah, I took care of it, just like I told you I would.” He touched my cheek lightly.

In the past, I thought it was a gesture of affection. Now, I wasn't so sure.

A shiver ran through me and I stepped back.

“What's wrong, Love?” Donovan asked.

“Nothing. I'm... getting tired. I think I'm going to call it a night.”

“I'll get you home. Don't worry. I won't let that freak anywhere near you.”

He gave me a confident, charming smile and I couldn't help but smile back. Donovan could be so sweet when he wanted to be. That's why I loved him and wanted to marry him.

I groaned inwardly. No, I couldn't marry him, not after everything I heard.

He wasn't being sweet....

I had to keep reminding myself of that.

Donovan was already in the kitchen when I woke up the next morning. I put my robe on and went downstairs. He was humming to himself and tossing fruit and vegetables into the blender.

I sat down and absently played with the emerald necklace that still sat on my neck.

"I'm sorry your bachelorette party got crashed." Donovan smiled at me from the counter.

"I'm glad you were there to help." I forced a smile.

Even though he had been nothing but sweet to me for the rest of the night, I couldn't shake the feeling that I had to call off the wedding.

Everything Donovan said about me and our relationship was too much to ignore. I couldn't even convince myself that he was only saying those things to try and get rid of Lucas. He'd been cruel and crude for no reason.

"I'm making your special smoothie."

I bit my lip and nodded. Every couple of days, Donovan always made me a smoothie. He assured me it was just good fruits and vegetables to make sure I was getting the right vitamins.

I felt like I had a balanced diet, but he insisted. In the beginning, I thought it was cute that he looked out for my health like that.

"I'm not really hungry this morning."

"Well, it isn't done yet." He went back to humming to himself, turning the blender on.

The hair on the back of my neck prickled and I sat up straighter. Glancing around, I noticed Donovan's guards lurking around outside the house. I caught a corner of one here and there outside the windows.

"Donovan, are we expecting trouble?" I nodded to the window.

He turned the blender off and poured my smoothie into a cup.

"I just don't want to let my guard down. That Lucas guy came right into the bar last night. What's to stop him from coming here?"

I shrugged. "I don't think he's that obsessive, or dangerous...."

“No? He's a bully, and he's apparently been obsessing over you and following you since you were kids.”

My stomach shifted uncomfortably and I nodded. “You're right. I shouldn't try to downplay it.”

Donovan smiled and set the smoothie down on the table. “Drink up.”

“How about some breakfast?”

I went into the kitchen and started making some pancakes. I knew he liked pancakes and I doubted he made himself breakfast yet.

“Sure. But you'll drink your smoothie right?”

I glanced over my shoulder at him and nodded. “Yeah. Sure.”

Normally, I would drink it down without a second thought. Donovan was useless in the kitchen, but he was amazing at making smoothies.

My stomach was so uneasy from everything I heard and everything I had to do, I couldn't think about eating or drinking anything.

I got the pancakes on the stove and tested them with a spatula. I could feel Donovan watching me.

“What's wrong?”

He sighed heavily. “Something's different about you this morning.”

“It is?”

“Yeah. Are you sure nothing else happened last night?”

I moved the pancakes to two plates and topped them with fresh-cut fruit and some whipped cream. Donovan grabbed my hips when I set his plate down in front of him.

“What would I do without you?” He beamed at me.

I smiled tightly, hoping he didn't notice my hesitation. “Go hungry.”

Donovan chuckled. “Yes, I'm sure I would. You take such good care of me.”

“And you take care of me too.” I motioned to the smoothie.

I sat down with him and watched as he began devouring his pancakes. I couldn't remember the last time he'd genuinely thanked me for cooking for him. Mostly, I felt like a servant that was expected to wait on him and provide him with meals.

For some reason, I just let him treat me like that. For the first time, I was really, really bothered by the way he treated me.

Maybe it was because of what Lucas said, insisting that I deserved better. Maybe it was because of what Donovan had said about me and our relationship.

How was it that a stranger like Lucas could want more for me than I wanted for myself? He was so passionate about me deserving better than Donovan, and he didn't even know me.

"You're not eating." Donovan's words cut into my thoughts.

"Oh... I'm not really that hungry." I pushed the sliced pancakes around on my plate.

"Sasha, you need to eat. You had a rough night."

"I know. My stomach is just... upset." I looked down and looped my arms around myself.

"Try drinking your smoothie. I bet it will settle things down," Donovan insisted.

I eyed the smoothie, and my stomach grumbled uncomfortably. He kept mentioning the smoothie. Usually, he didn't have to remind me to drink it.

He thought maybe he could be insistent because he was concerned that I wasn't eating or because I was hesitating and that was unusual. I couldn't help but feel like his insistence was for another reason.

"I'll drink it," I assured, nodding.

Donovan looked at me hard, like he didn't believe me.

"You're sure?"

I shrugged. "I told you, I'm really not hungry. Can you make me another one after work?"

Donovan scoffed. "What am I, a smoothie shop now? You'll drink the ones I make you when I make them."

I swallowed hard. "I will?"

"Come on, Sasha! You need to get something in your system. That smoothie is very healthy."

"I'll eat and drink when I'm hungry, how about that?"

Donovan growled under his breath and shook his head. "I've got to get to work. You don't have to be so difficult, Sasha, I'm just looking out for you!"

"I know. I appreciate that. I have some things to take care of in town, but I'll be home before you."

Donovan paused by the front door. "Just in case, I'm leaving my guards here today. They'll make sure

you are safe. I'd prefer you just stay inside today, but if you have to go, they'll go with you."

I bit my lower lip and nodded.

While it might have sounded sweet, I couldn't shake the feeling that I was a prisoner, and that Donovan was keeping a close watch on me.

He was a creep—he was a total, possessive, asshole. I couldn't stay here and let him control me or make me disappear.

Suddenly, I knew that I needed to go see Lucas. I grabbed the emerald pendant and ran to my room to get dressed. I needed to give Donovan's guards the slip and get to Lucas.

Update of Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder

Announcement Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder has updated Chapter 1013: Chapter 70 : Just a Smoothie with many amazing and unexpected details. In fluent writing, In simple but sincere text, sometimes the calm romance of the author Alice Knightsky in Chapter 1013: Chapter 70 : Just a Smoothie takes us to a new horizon. Let's read the Chapter 1013: Chapter 70 : Just a Smoothie Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder series here. Search keys: Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Chapter 1013: Chapter 70 : Just a Smoothie

Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder #Chapter 1012: Chapter 69 : My Sasha - Read Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Chapter 1012: Chapter 69 : My Sasha

Lucas

Sasha's eyes sparkled and I saw her hand twitch. For a moment, it looked like she was going to reach out to me.

She had to feel the mate bond still, regardless of what her memories told her was real in this timeline, right?

Sasha bit her lower lip and pulled back.

“Sasha, my love, what’s going on?”

Donovan appeared, stepping between us. He gave me a quick look and turned to Sasha, taking her hands in his.

My blood boiled and my wolf snarled, ready to launch at him and scratch his eyes out.

I clenched my fists at my sides, but my anger cooled the moment I saw the look of relief in Sasha’s eyes.

She gazed at Donovan with something like affection, adoration.

My heart clenched as ice crept down my spine.

“Do you need my help with this... creep?” Donovan tossed me another sharp look.

Sasha nodded vigorously. “Yes, yes, please!”

My stomach twisted as I heard the pleading in her voice. She was begging Donovan to rescue her... from me....

My wolf bristled and snarled, ready to pounce on Donovan, but I held him back. I studied Sasha’s face. Her eyes flicked to me and I saw the discomfort she was in. I’d caused that. She really wanted nothing to do with me.

Donovan turned to me with a smug grin.

“Well, well, it looks like you’ve crashed my fiancée's bachelorette party. I can’t allow that, now, can I?” He crossed his arms, muscles bulging.

I planted my feet and glared, ready to fight him right here. It didn’t matter if Sasha loved this guy in this reality. He was a complete ass, and I wasn’t going to let him stand there with that stupid shit-eating grin on his face.

Donovan chuckled, and I noticed several other muscled shifters moving closer to him from around the bar. They cracked their knuckles and gave me gleeful looks, like they couldn’t wait to beat the crap out of me.

“Why don’t we take this outside so that you and I can have a chat, man to man?” Donovan suggested.

I gritted my teeth and narrowed my eyes at him.

“I’d rather stay here. I’d like Sasha to see the real Donovan.”

Donovan sniffed. “She knows me. You don’t need to worry about that. But if you’d like to resist, we can always make a scene. Although, I’d prefer not to, since this is my fiancée’s special night.”

I glanced at Sasha again. She gave me a nervous look and inched closer to Donovan.

As much as I wanted to keep Sasha in my sight, I didn’t think Donovan was giving me a choice. He was willing to make a scene, regardless of Sasha’s feelings on the matter or how important this night was for her.

I was the one who had to consider Sasha’s feelings.

“Fine, I’ll meet you out back,” I growled, my fists shaking at my sides.

Donovan was lucky that I still cared about Sasha’s feelings. Even if this wedding and bachelorette party were a complete mistake, I wasn’t going to ruin it for her, not as long as she didn’t think it was a mistake.

I headed into the alley out back with Donovan and his entourage close behind me. As soon as we were out there, I whipped around and glared at him.

“You don’t deserve her,” I snapped, pointing accusingly at him.

Donovan shrugged and slapped my hand away. “Whatever. She chose me, and that’s not for me to question. If she loves me and wants to spend the rest of her life with me, who am I to argue?”

My jaw dropped. “Do you even love her back or want to spend the rest of your life with her?”

Donovan frowned. If he was even a half-decent guy, he would immediately shoot back that of course he did and he couldn’t imagine being with anyone else.

Instead, he just looked at me, that dumb frown plastered on his face.

“Well, it’s not really about what I want. This is what's best for her.”

“You’re as much of an ass here as you are in my reality,” I muttered, shaking my head.

Donovan creased his brow. “What the hell are you muttering about?”

“I know someone else just like you. He wanted to play ‘the long game’ with Sasha just to get in her pants. You wouldn’t be willing to marry someone just to sleep with them, would you?”

“Is that any of your business?”

“Yes! Sasha deserves more than that.”

“Do you even know her?” he asked. “From what I could tell, you’re just some bully from her childhood. Why do you even care?”

“Because she might not remember, but I know her better than she thinks. She doesn’t like this kind of grandeur that is going into her wedding, and she certainly wouldn’t ever degrade herself by marrying someone as deplorable as you!”

Donovan threw his head back and laughed. “You must not know this Sasha. I’ve heard rumors of alternate timelines flying around lately. Maybe the Sasha you know is from another timeline.”

“No! Sasha is still Sasha. She’s a wonderful person with a big heart. She’s smart and clever and would never resign herself to a miserable life as a housewife with a creep like you.”

Donovan snarled, and his muscley friends grumbled and flexed their arms.

Even if Donovan knew of alternate timelines and realities, I doubted he understood it enough for me to convince him I was really a different Lucas. He probably used it as an excuse to brush me off and didn’t really believe it.

“Sasha and I have shared a lot more than you’ll ever know. We’re connected deeply, and that bond never goes away, even if she makes the misguided decision to marry you.”

Donovan stared at me for a moment. Suddenly, he started laughing again. He tossed his head back and clutched his chest. His whole body trembled as he laughed.

The sound echoed off the alley walls and a shudder went through me.

“Oh, no. Please tell me you don’t think that Sasha is your mate!”

“Well, she’s not yours, is she?” I challenged.

Donovan stroked his chin as he continued to chuckle lightly. “No, she isn’t my mate. But that’s not going to stop me from benefiting from her choices.”

“You bastard!”

“Look, you might think that Sasha is your mate, but I’m telling you, she’s not. Whoever you think you knew, it isn’t her. She’s someone different. Whoever you knew... she doesn’t exist.”

I rolled my eyes and shook my head. “No!”

My wolf echoed my protest in the back of my mind, growling. I felt him rise in my eyes, ready to show himself to Donovan.

“Heh, you can’t intimidate me. Even if you shift, you’ll never be able to take on all of us.” Donovan swept his arm out over his followers.

I glared at them as they flexed their muscles and made punching motions at me. As much as I didn't want to admit it, Donovan had a point. With him and ten others, I might be able to win, but at what cost?

It wasn't that I didn't trust my strength or my wolf's strength, but I was very outnumbered. If my life depended on it, I could do it. But was fighting for Sasha, who didn't even recognize me as her mate, the right time to endanger myself?

No. I had to remain steady and cool-headed or I'd never get us out of this wrong world.

"So, why don't you just walk away?" Donovan put his hand on my shoulder and gave me a fake-friendly smile. "I'll take care of Sasha. You don't need to worry about that. She doesn't even like you, anyway. Why fight for someone who doesn't want you?"

"Take your f*****g hand off me!"

Donovan pulled away and rubbed his fingers together as if I'd just bit him.

"You are a piece of work, aren't you? Why go through all this trouble? She chose me."

"It doesn't matter. I'm not going to let my mate make the worst mistake of her life! How and why she would ever choose scum like you is beyond me. I can't stand by and watch her throw her life away."

Donovan chuckled, his eyes gleaming in the nearby street lights.

"Well, that's the problem, isn't it? The Sasha you think you know would never choose me. You said it yourself. So, why do you still think my Sasha is the same as yours?"

I bristled when Donovan called her "my Sasha."

Clenching my fists, I shook in anger, exerting all my control over myself and my wolf to keep from attacking this smug asshat.

"You don't know what you're talking about. She might not remember, but I know she's still in there. I know she is MY Sasha!" I pointed to my own chest.

"Oh, really? Then tell me, why can't she feel your mate bond? If she did, don't you think she would have been more interested in you? Instead, she asked me to take care of you." Donovan smirked and put his hands on his hips.

He puffed his chest out triumphantly as if he'd just won some huge award.

I shook my head, refusing to believe it. Still, he had a point. Sasha had her wolf in this reality. It wasn't like our ages had changed. Even if she only remembered me as a bully, her wolf should have recognized me as her mate.

“You still think she’s your mate? Still think she’s the same Sasha? You know there’s nothing I could do to trick or confuse her wolf. And yet, she didn’t recognize you or feel any mate bond toward you.”

My hands eased at my sides and I stared at the wall behind Donovan’s head. My wolf gave a mournful howl. All the anger left me and I bowed my head slightly.

I couldn’t deny the truth in Donovan’s words. Was my Sasha really gone? Why could I remember everything from the other timeline but she couldn’t? Did that mean that she hadn’t come with me?

But how could the Moon Goddess fate us to be mates in one reality and not another? It made no sense. I wasn’t quite ready to give up on Sasha yet.

She was wearing the emerald I got her. It meant something to her. I could tell by the way she kept touching it. Regardless of what Donovan said, Sasha had to be in there somewhere. I just needed to get her out.

“Oh, poor, poor Lucas,” Donovan taunted. He ‘tsdk’d’ and shook his head.

I snapped my eyes to him again and glared. “What are you talking about?”

“How much it must suck to be you right now.” He grinned, his lips parting over white teeth, his eyes glinting gleefully.

Read Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Chapter 1012: Chapter 69 : My Sasha TODAY

The novel Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder has been updated Chapter 1012: Chapter 69 : My Sasha with many unexpected details, removing many love knots for the male and female lead. In addition, the author Alice Knightsky is very talented in making the situation extremely different. Let’s follow the of the Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder [HERE](#). Keywords are searched: Novel Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Chapter 1012: Chapter 69 : My Sasha Novel Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder by Alice Knightsky

Sasha

“What?” I whispered to myself.

I knew it was wrong to eavesdrop, but I couldn't help it. Looking into Lucas's eyes... I'd been a second away from giving in to him until Donovan intervened. It scared me how much I was drawn to him... and with no good reason.

My wolf didn't seem to mind him, despite how he bullied me, but she wasn't salivating over him either, like I'd expect her to do if Lucas was my mate.

Lucas seemed so certain... could it be true?

Frowning, I put my hand on my stomach and sat down heavily on the doorstep.

They were so engrossed in their testosterone-pissing contest, they didn't even notice me.

All the things Donovan said about me... did he really mean them? I kept telling myself that I could marry him because he loved me and cared about me. I wasn't so sure anymore.

Standing up, I brushed myself off.

Well, I couldn't marry Donovan now. He clearly didn't even care about me. From what I could tell, I was just a trophy to him, and I wasn't going to let myself live my life like that.

Even though I didn't feel like it was me, I really liked the way Lucas described me. He was right. I

shouldn't let Donovan degrade me anymore. I deserved more than that.

As I walked back into the bar, I wondered what else Lucas could be right about.

Was he right about us being mates?

I didn't feel it. But I felt something.

My mind wandered back through the years. I hadn't seen him since we were kids, and the last time I did see him, I hated him. As much as I wanted to hate him now, that wasn't the feeling curling in my stomach.

I had no idea what kind of feeling it was.

I did know that Donovan wasn't my mate. One of the reasons I decided to marry him was because I never felt the mate bond with anyone. He was always there and attentive. We could build a life together and I loved him.

I'd given up on finding my mate.

"Sasha, come dance with us!"

One of my friends grabbed my hands and pulled me onto the dance floor. I laughed and started moving to the music.

I definitely needed the distraction. This was supposed to be my party, after all.

While I danced, I couldn't help thinking about the mate bond again.

Was there a reason I never felt it with anyone? Shifters were all taught that we had a fated mate. But if I didn't feel a mate bond, did that mean I didn't have one? Were they dead? Or was it something else?

The world was full of magic, and it was possible something had been done to me to keep me from feeling or finding my mate.

Who would do such a thing?

“Sasha, stop looking so serious! It's your bachelorette party!”

I smiled and nodded, focusing on dancing and hanging with my friends.

I wasn't going to ruin their night by telling them that I wasn't marrying Donovan. They'd done a lot to plan this for me and it was my party, wasn't it?

I danced and danced until Donovan came back inside. His goons settled around the bar, looking very surly.

I got the feeling they were mad that they didn't get to pummel anyone.

Without realizing it, I kept glancing at the back door. Lucas never reappeared.

“I've got to see Donovan.”

I broke away from my friends and joined him by the bar.

“Is everything okay?”

He nodded shortly. “Yeah, I took care of it, just like I told you I would.” He touched my cheek lightly.

In the past, I thought it was a gesture of affection. Now, I wasn't so sure.

A shiver ran through me and I stepped back.

“What's wrong, Love?” Donovan asked.

“Nothing. I'm... getting tired. I think I'm going to call it a night.”

“I'll get you home. Don't worry. I won't let that freak anywhere near you.”

He gave me a confident, charming smile and I couldn't help but smile back. Donovan could be so sweet when he wanted to be. That's why I loved him and wanted to marry him.

I groaned inwardly. No, I couldn't marry him, not after everything I heard.

He wasn't being sweet....

I had to keep reminding myself of that.

Donovan was already in the kitchen when I woke up the next morning. I put my robe on and went downstairs. He was humming to himself and tossing fruit and vegetables into the blender.

I sat down and absently played with the emerald necklace that still sat on my neck.

"I'm sorry your bachelorette party got crashed." Donovan smiled at me from the counter.

"I'm glad you were there to help." I forced a smile.

Even though he had been nothing but sweet to me for the rest of the night, I couldn't shake the feeling that I had to call off the wedding.

Everything Donovan said about me and our relationship was too much to ignore. I couldn't even convince myself that he was only saying those things to try and get rid of Lucas. He'd been cruel and crude for no reason.

"I'm making your special smoothie."

I bit my lip and nodded. Every couple of days, Donovan always made me a smoothie. He assured me it was just good fruits and vegetables to make sure I was getting the right vitamins.

I felt like I had a balanced diet, but he insisted. In the beginning, I thought it was cute that he looked out for my health like that.

"I'm not really hungry this morning."

"Well, it isn't done yet." He went back to humming to himself, turning the blender on.

The hair on the back of my neck prickled and I sat up straighter. Glancing around, I noticed Donovan's guards lurking around outside the house. I caught a corner of one here and there outside the windows.

"Donovan, are we expecting trouble?" I nodded to the window.

He turned the blender off and poured my smoothie into a cup.

"I just don't want to let my guard down. That Lucas guy came right into the bar last night. What's to stop him from coming here?"

I shrugged. "I don't think he's that obsessive, or dangerous...."

“No? He's a bully, and he's apparently been obsessing over you and following you since you were kids.”

My stomach shifted uncomfortably and I nodded. “You're right. I shouldn't try to downplay it.”

Donovan smiled and set the smoothie down on the table. “Drink up.”

“How about some breakfast?”

I went into the kitchen and started making some pancakes. I knew he liked pancakes and I doubted he made himself breakfast yet.

“Sure. But you'll drink your smoothie right?”

I glanced over my shoulder at him and nodded. “Yeah. Sure.”

Normally, I would drink it down without a second thought. Donovan was useless in the kitchen, but he was amazing at making smoothies.

My stomach was so uneasy from everything I heard and everything I had to do, I couldn't think about eating or drinking anything.

I got the pancakes on the stove and tested them with a spatula. I could feel Donovan watching me.

“What's wrong?”

He sighed heavily. “Something's different about you this morning.”

“It is?”

“Yeah. Are you sure nothing else happened last night?”

I moved the pancakes to two plates and topped them with fresh-cut fruit and some whipped cream. Donovan grabbed my hips when I set his plate down in front of him.

“What would I do without you?” He beamed at me.

I smiled tightly, hoping he didn't notice my hesitation. “Go hungry.”

Donovan chuckled. “Yes, I'm sure I would. You take such good care of me.”

“And you take care of me too.” I motioned to the smoothie.

I sat down with him and watched as he began devouring his pancakes. I couldn't remember the last time he'd genuinely thanked me for cooking for him. Mostly, I felt like a servant that was expected to wait on him and provide him with meals.

For some reason, I just let him treat me like that. For the first time, I was really, really bothered by the way he treated me.

Maybe it was because of what Lucas said, insisting that I deserved better. Maybe it was because of what Donovan had said about me and our relationship.

How was it that a stranger like Lucas could want more for me than I wanted for myself? He was so passionate about me deserving better than Donovan, and he didn't even know me.

"You're not eating." Donovan's words cut into my thoughts.

"Oh... I'm not really that hungry." I pushed the sliced pancakes around on my plate.

"Sasha, you need to eat. You had a rough night."

"I know. My stomach is just... upset." I looked down and looped my arms around myself.

"Try drinking your smoothie. I bet it will settle things down," Donovan insisted.

I eyed the smoothie, and my stomach grumbled uncomfortably. He kept mentioning the smoothie. Usually, he didn't have to remind me to drink it.

He thought maybe he could be insistent because he was concerned that I wasn't eating or because I was hesitating and that was unusual. I couldn't help but feel like his insistence was for another reason.

"I'll drink it," I assured, nodding.

Donovan looked at me hard, like he didn't believe me.

"You're sure?"

I shrugged. "I told you, I'm really not hungry. Can you make me another one after work?"

Donovan scoffed. "What am I, a smoothie shop now? You'll drink the ones I make you when I make them."

I swallowed hard. "I will?"

"Come on, Sasha! You need to get something in your system. That smoothie is very healthy."

"I'll eat and drink when I'm hungry, how about that?"

Donovan growled under his breath and shook his head. "I've got to get to work. You don't have to be so difficult, Sasha, I'm just looking out for you!"

"I know. I appreciate that. I have some things to take care of in town, but I'll be home before you."

Donovan paused by the front door. "Just in case, I'm leaving my guards here today. They'll make sure

you are safe. I'd prefer you just stay inside today, but if you have to go, they'll go with you."

I bit my lower lip and nodded.

While it might have sounded sweet, I couldn't shake the feeling that I was a prisoner, and that Donovan was keeping a close watch on me.

He was a creep—he was a total, possessive, asshole. I couldn't stay here and let him control me or make me disappear.

Suddenly, I knew that I needed to go see Lucas. I grabbed the emerald pendant and ran to my room to get dressed. I needed to give Donovan's guards the slip and get to Lucas.

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Lucas

The day of the wedding, I put on a nice suit and checked my reflection in the mirror. I smirked at myself. There was no way Sasha could resist me with these smooth lines.

I hadn't heard from her since the bachelorette party. It was upsetting. I thought she'd try to reach out to me afterward. The Sasha I knew would. The more I thought about it, the more I had to consider that she really wasn't my Sasha.

Still, I wasn't giving up on her any time soon. I put a flower in my breast pocket and grabbed the "save the date" invite her mother gave me.

There was one stop I needed to make before going to the wedding venue to get Sasha. I needed backup.

I went back to the place where I first encountered Morianne in this timeline, just outside the wedding venue. I had a feeling she was keeping close tabs on me since she seemed to think I needed her.

I wasn't about to admit that I needed her, but I was about to crash a high-profile wedding. Maybe I didn't trust her, but I needed backup.

"Alright, Morianne, I'm ready to talk strategy." I turned in a slow circle, waiting for her to show up.

"Finally. You took long enough."

I whipped around and faced her. Where she came from, I had no idea. It didn't matter. She was here

now.

"Look, I need to get to Sasha. She's at the wedding. It is well-guarded and there are a lot of guests. Can you help me with some kind of distraction?"

Morianne narrowed her eyes at me. "You were so sure you didn't need my help."

"Do you want to sit here and argue about it or are you going to help? My only goal here is Sasha. If you can help, great. If not, stop wasting my time."

"Someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed today." She sniffed at me.

"Does that mean you'll help?"

Morianne nodded. "Go. Save your damsel in distress. I will help, but you will need to bring Sasha to me."

"What, why?"

"You want my help, don't you? Then I will need to see her."

I sighed and nodded. It wasn't a deal I wanted to make. I knew that whatever Morianne wanted with Sasha couldn't be good. I didn't have a choice anymore.

"Fine. But you promise you won't hurt her?"

"I told you, Lucas, I want her alive and safe. Her power is important."

I studied Morianne for a moment, suspicions swirling in my mind. Finally, I nodded. "Alright. I'm going to crash the wedding. Be ready to back me up."

“Of course.”

I headed to the venue. There was soft music playing and the wedding guests were still finding their seats. I walked right through them all, completely unnoticed. They all thought I was one of the crowd.

I still couldn't believe how bougie and tacky the wedding was. I blocked out everything around me and focused on finding Sasha. She was probably in the resort, getting ready.

The lobby was filled with guests. I saw a gaggle of girls dressed in similar colored dresses. They were gushing about the wedding and whispering to each other. Those must have been Sasha's bridesmaids.

I slipped by them, and the well-dressed groomsmen across the lobby. There were plenty of beefed-up guards hanging around the resort. They were on high alert, but I somehow made it by all of them.

Either they were looking for someone else or they didn't expect me to show up in a suit.

Based on the extravagance of the wedding, I had a feeling I'd find the bride getting ready in the most luxurious suite, at the top of the resort. I got into an elevator and headed up to the top floor.

As I suspected, the penthouse had a sign on the door saying “Bride.”

I pressed my ear to the door and listened. Soft sniffles came through the door. It sounded like Sasha

was crying. Without thinking, I burst into the room.

“What!?” She gasped and jumped to her feet.

“Sasha, what's wrong?”

She stood there in a little white slip, her wedding dress still hanging on the closet door. She sighed and dabbed a tissue at her eyes.

“What are you doing here? How did you get up here?”

When I realized she wasn't in danger, I shut the door behind me and locked it.

“I'm here to crash your wedding and save you from the worst mistake of your life.”

She shook her head and tossed her tissue aside.

I realized suddenly that her slip was translucent and I could see the distinct outline of her panties over the curves of her hips, and how her breasts bulged out of the top of the cups of her bra. I

kept trying to avert my eyes, but I couldn't stop sneaky peeks at her intoxicating figure hidden under such a thin sliver of fabric.

"How did you get in here? Donovan has the whole place covered."

"I'm sneaky. Are you worried about me?" I tilted my head at her.

She scoffed and grabbed a robe. I bit back my protest as she covered herself and I could no longer see

her panties and breast playing peek-a-boo under her slip.

"What are you even doing here? I thought Donovan scared you off."

"No, Sasha, he didn't. I came here to rescue you, to save you from this mistake. I'm not going to run off with my tail between my legs because your fiancé tried to throw his weight around."

A flicker of a smile ghosted across Sasha's lips.

"You're here to save me from my own wedding?"

"Yes." I held my hand out to her.

"I was hoping you'd say that." She took my hand and I pulled her closer.

"You were?" I creased my brow.

Sasha nodded. "I tried to see you after the bachelorette party, but I couldn't get away from Donovan's goons. He had them watch me day and night until the wedding."

"Well, this is a pleasant surprise," I admitted. "I was expecting you to argue and put up a fight."

"I trust you, Lucas. Don't ask me how or why, but I do. So, once we get away from this place, you need to explain everything to me."

I grinned and nodded. "Of course. I will tell you everything as soon as we are safe. Now, do you want to change, or do you want me to run off with you in your bathrobe?"

I let my eyes trail down to the opening of her robe. Her cleavage was still visible. Unconsciously, I licked my lips.

Sasha groaned and pulled the robe closed tight around her. She stepped away from me and got some clothes together.

"You know, we'll never get around Donovan's security. You might have been able to slip by, but they'll recognize me in an instant."

"I know."

She ducked into the suite bathroom to change. I headed to the nearest window and looked out at the guests.

Almost everyone was seated. Any second, Morianne's distraction would need to happen. Otherwise, Sasha and I wouldn't get out of there.

"I've taken care of it."

"So, what's the plan? Are we just going to make a mad dash for it?"

She emerged from the bathroom fully dressed.

"Yes, we'll run, when the time is right."

"AHHHH!" A piercing scream came from outside.

I saw a flood of wild rogues pour into the venue. They attacked the decorations, overturning chairs, shredding the flowers.

Guests screamed and clamored to get away as Donovan's guards raced in to try to protect them.

I turned to Sasha and smirked. "Time to run."

She nodded and took my hand.

We took the elevator down and raced out of the resort. Sounds of fighting filled the air, and I could tell that the guards weren't doing so well against the rogues.

Groaning, I slowed down.

"What are you doing?" Sasha looked at me with wide eyes.

"Do you really want to leave your friends and family behind to get mauled?"

Sasha glanced back at the venue. "No. We can't leave them. But what can we do? I'm not a great fighter."

"It's okay. You have strength and power you don't even know about," I assured.

Sasha shrugged.

"You trust me, right?"

"Yeah..."

“Then stay close. I won't let anyone hurt you, okay?”

She nodded and moved closer to me. We raced back to the venue. I found a safe corner for her.

“Stay here. I'll keep an eye on you, but I need to get in there and help round up some of the guests to get them to safety.”

While Donovan's guards wrestled with the rogues, I ran in and gathered some of the cowering guests. I found all of Sasha's bridesmaids huddled together.

“Come with me. I'll get you out of here,” I promised, holding my arms out.

They nodded and followed me. I sent them into the resort where they wouldn't see Sasha.

“Get these guests to safety,” I demanded, looking at the resort employees. “I'll bring more in.”

They immediately got to work helping get the bridesmaids somewhere safe. The rogues didn't seem to be trying to get into the resort. I doubted that Morianne cared how many people got hurt by her wild rogues.

I went back into the fight, dodging around guards and rogues, jumping back to avoid a body falling on me.

Most of the guests were just terrified, but a few of them had bad injuries from the initial attack. I glanced

to the corner where Sasha was. She was fine and they were leaving her alone, but I could see the terror and concern in her face.

I ran to the injured guests and scooped one of the women up in my arms.

“Can you walk?” I asked the others.

They all nodded, hugging each other and trembling.

“Come with me. I'll get you to safety.”

I got them to the resort where an employee had medical supplies. He was already working to patch up the guests as much as possible.

Back out in the venue, it looked like the rogues were getting the upper hand against the guards. I had to get Sasha out of there. It was getting dangerous, and there was no way I could fight off that many rogues, or guards, if they turned on us.

I raced back to Sasha. The guests were safe. We could leave in good conscience. She bounced on the balls of her feet and waved me toward her quickly.

“Hurry, hurry!”

I glanced behind me and saw a ravenous rogue racing toward me, foaming at the mouth. I hurried, ignoring the aching in my calves. If he got his claws into me, I was done....

“Go, Sasha, I'm right behind you!” I motioned for her to take off.

“Come on, Lucas!”

Just before I reached her, something solid hit my back. I groaned and pitched forward.

“Lucas!”

I looked up and Sasha rushed toward me.

“No, get yourself to safety!”

She wasn't looking at me though. She ran up to me and stood over me protectively. Sasha clapped her hands and a shockwave went out, sending all the rogues and Donovan's guards back.

I smirked and hopped to my feet. “I told you that you had unimaginable power.”

Sasha stared at her hands in disbelief. I grabbed her arm and tugged her out of the venue. I knew it wouldn't take long for the rogues to recover.

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**Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder #Chapter 1013:
Chapter 70 : Just a Smoothie - Read Sold AS The alpha
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Smoothie**

Sasha

“What?” I whispered to myself.

I knew it was wrong to eavesdrop, but I couldn't help it. Looking into Lucas's eyes... I'd been a second away from giving in to him until Donovan intervened. It scared me how much I was drawn to him... and with no good reason.

My wolf didn't seem to mind him, despite how he bullied me, but she wasn't salivating over him either, like I'd expect her to do if Lucas was my mate.

Lucas seemed so certain... could it be true?

Frowning, I put my hand on my stomach and sat down heavily on the doorstep.

They were so engrossed in their testosterone-pissing contest, they didn't even notice me.

All the things Donovan said about me... did he really mean them? I kept telling myself that I could marry him because he loved me and cared about me. I wasn't so sure anymore.

Standing up, I brushed myself off.

Well, I couldn't marry Donovan now. He clearly didn't even care about me. From what I could tell, I was just a trophy to him, and I wasn't going to let myself live my life like that.

Even though I didn't feel like it was me, I really liked the way Lucas described me. He was right. I

shouldn't let Donovan degrade me anymore. I deserved more than that.

As I walked back into the bar, I wondered what else Lucas could be right about.

Was he right about us being mates?

I didn't feel it. But I felt something.

My mind wandered back through the years. I hadn't seen him since we were kids, and the last time I did see him, I hated him. As much as I wanted to hate him now, that wasn't the feeling curling in my stomach.

I had no idea what kind of feeling it was.

I did know that Donovan wasn't my mate. One of the reasons I decided to marry him was because I never felt the mate bond with anyone. He was always there and attentive. We could build a life together and I loved him.

I'd given up on finding my mate.

“Sasha, come dance with us!”

One of my friends grabbed my hands and pulled me onto the dance floor. I laughed and started moving to the music.

I definitely needed the distraction. This was supposed to be my party, after all.

While I danced, I couldn't help thinking about the mate bond again.

Was there a reason I never felt it with anyone? Shifters were all taught that we had a fated mate. But if I didn't feel a mate bond, did that mean I didn't have one? Were they dead? Or was it something else?

The world was full of magic, and it was possible something had been done to me to keep me from feeling or finding my mate.

Who would do such a thing?

“Sasha, stop looking so serious! It's your bachelorette party!”

I smiled and nodded, focusing on dancing and hanging with my friends.

I wasn't going to ruin their night by telling them that I wasn't marrying Donovan. They'd done a lot to plan this for me and it was my party, wasn't it?

I danced and danced until Donovan came back inside. His goons settled around the bar, looking very surly.

I got the feeling they were mad that they didn't get to pummel anyone.

Without realizing it, I kept glancing at the back door. Lucas never reappeared.

“I've got to see Donovan.”

I broke away from my friends and joined him by the bar.

“Is everything okay?”

He nodded shortly. “Yeah, I took care of it, just like I told you I would.” He touched my cheek lightly.

In the past, I thought it was a gesture of affection. Now, I wasn't so sure.

A shiver ran through me and I stepped back.

“What's wrong, Love?” Donovan asked.

“Nothing. I’m... getting tired. I think I’m going to call it a night.”

“I’ll get you home. Don’t worry. I won’t let that freak anywhere near you.”

He gave me a confident, charming smile and I couldn’t help but smile back. Donovan could be so sweet when he wanted to be. That’s why I loved him and wanted to marry him.

I groaned inwardly. No, I couldn’t marry him, not after everything I heard.

He wasn’t being sweet....

I had to keep reminding myself of that.

Donovan was already in the kitchen when I woke up the next morning. I put my robe on and went downstairs. He was humming to himself and tossing fruit and vegetables into the blender.

I sat down and absently played with the emerald necklace that still sat on my neck.

“I’m sorry your bachelorette party got crashed.” Donovan smiled at me from the counter.

“I’m glad you were there to help.” I forced a smile.

Even though he had been nothing but sweet to me for the rest of the night, I couldn’t shake the feeling that I had to call off the wedding.

Everything Donovan said about me and our relationship was too much to ignore. I couldn’t even convince myself that he was only saying those things to try and get rid of Lucas. He’d been cruel and crude for no reason.

“I’m making your special smoothie.”

I bit my lip and nodded. Every couple of days, Donovan always made me a smoothie. He assured me it was just good fruits and vegetables to make sure I was getting the right vitamins.

I felt like I had a balanced diet, but he insisted. In the beginning, I thought it was cute that he looked out for my health like that.

“I’m not really hungry this morning.”

“Well, it isn’t done yet.” He went back to humming to himself, turning the blender on.

The hair on the back of my neck prickled and I sat up straighter. Glancing around, I noticed Donovan’s guards lurking around outside the house. I caught a corner of one here and there outside the windows.

“Donovan, are we expecting trouble?” I nodded to the window.

He turned the blender off and poured my smoothie into a cup.

“I just don't want to let my guard down. That Lucas guy came right into the bar last night. What's to stop him from coming here?”

I shrugged. “I don't think he's that obsessive, or dangerous....”

“No? He's a bully, and he's apparently been obsessing over you and following you since you were kids.”

My stomach shifted uncomfortably and I nodded. “You're right. I shouldn't try to downplay it.”

Donovan smiled and set the smoothie down on the table. “Drink up.”

“How about some breakfast?”

I went into the kitchen and started making some pancakes. I knew he liked pancakes and I doubted he made himself breakfast yet.

“Sure. But you'll drink your smoothie right?”

I glanced over my shoulder at him and nodded. “Yeah. Sure.”

Normally, I would drink it down without a second thought. Donovan was useless in the kitchen, but he was amazing at making smoothies.

My stomach was so uneasy from everything I heard and everything I had to do, I couldn't think about eating or drinking anything.

I got the pancakes on the stove and tested them with a spatula. I could feel Donovan watching me.

“What's wrong?”

He sighed heavily. “Something's different about you this morning.”

“It is?”

“Yeah. Are you sure nothing else happened last night?”

I moved the pancakes to two plates and topped them with fresh-cut fruit and some whipped cream. Donovan grabbed my hips when I set his plate down in front of him.

“What would I do without you?” He beamed at me.

I smiled tightly, hoping he didn't notice my hesitation. "Go hungry."

Donovan chuckled. "Yes, I'm sure I would. You take such good care of me."

"And you take care of me too." I motioned to the smoothie.

I sat down with him and watched as he began devouring his pancakes. I couldn't remember the last time he'd genuinely thanked me for cooking for him. Mostly, I felt like a servant that was expected to wait on him and provide him with meals.

For some reason, I just let him treat me like that. For the first time, I was really, really bothered by the way he treated me.

Maybe it was because of what Lucas said, insisting that I deserved better. Maybe it was because of what Donovan had said about me and our relationship.

How was it that a stranger like Lucas could want more for me than I wanted for myself? He was so passionate about me deserving better than Donovan, and he didn't even know me.

"You're not eating." Donovan's words cut into my thoughts.

"Oh... I'm not really that hungry." I pushed the sliced pancakes around on my plate.

"Sasha, you need to eat. You had a rough night."

"I know. My stomach is just... upset." I looked down and looped my arms around myself.

"Try drinking your smoothie. I bet it will settle things down," Donovan insisted.

I eyed the smoothie, and my stomach grumbled uncomfortably. He kept mentioning the smoothie. Usually, he didn't have to remind me to drink it.

He thought maybe he could be insistent because he was concerned that I wasn't eating or because I was hesitating and that was unusual. I couldn't help but feel like his insistence was for another reason.

"I'll drink it," I assured, nodding.

Donovan looked at me hard, like he didn't believe me.

"You're sure?"

I shrugged. "I told you, I'm really not hungry. Can you make me another one after work?"

Donovan scoffed. "What am I, a smoothie shop now? You'll drink the ones I make you when I make them."

I swallowed hard. "I will?"

"Come on, Sasha! You need to get something in your system. That smoothie is very healthy."

"I'll eat and drink when I'm hungry, how about that?"

Donovan growled under his breath and shook his head. "I've got to get to work. You don't have to be so difficult, Sasha, I'm just looking out for you!"

"I know. I appreciate that. I have some things to take care of in town, but I'll be home before you."

Donovan paused by the front door. "Just in case, I'm leaving my guards here today. They'll make sure

you are safe. I'd prefer you just stay inside today, but if you have to go, they'll go with you."

I bit my lower lip and nodded.

While it might have sounded sweet, I couldn't shake the feeling that I was a prisoner, and that Donovan was keeping a close watch on me.

He was a creep—he was a total, possessive, asshole. I couldn't stay here and let him control me or make me disappear.

Suddenly, I knew that I needed to go see Lucas. I grabbed the emerald pendant and ran to my room to get dressed. I needed to give Donovan's guards the slip and get to Lucas.

Update of Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder

Announcement Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder has updated Chapter 1013: Chapter 70 : Just a Smoothie with many amazing and unexpected details. In fluent writing, In simple but sincere text, sometimes the calm romance of the author Alice Knightsky in Chapter 1013: Chapter 70 : Just a Smoothie takes us to a new horizon. Let's read the Chapter 1013: Chapter 70 : Just a Smoothie Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder series here. Search keys: Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Chapter 1013: Chapter 70 : Just a Smoothie

Lucas

The day of the wedding, I put on a nice suit and checked my reflection in the mirror. I smirked at myself. There was no way Sasha could resist me with these smooth lines.

I hadn't heard from her since the bachelorette party. It was upsetting. I thought she'd try to reach out to me afterward. The Sasha I knew would. The more I thought about it, the more I had to consider that she really wasn't my Sasha.

Still, I wasn't giving up on her any time soon. I put a flower in my breast pocket and grabbed the "save the date" invite her mother gave me.

There was one stop I needed to make before going to the wedding venue to get Sasha. I needed backup.

I went back to the place where I first encountered Morianne in this timeline, just outside the wedding venue. I had a feeling she was keeping close tabs on me since she seemed to think I needed her.

I wasn't about to admit that I needed her, but I was about to crash a high-profile wedding. Maybe I didn't trust her, but I needed backup.

"Alright, Morianne, I'm ready to talk strategy." I turned in a slow circle, waiting for her to show up.

"Finally. You took long enough."

I whipped around and faced her. Where she came from, I had no idea. It didn't matter. She was here

now.

"Look, I need to get to Sasha. She's at the wedding. It is well-guarded and there are a lot of guests. Can you help me with some kind of distraction?"

Morianne narrowed her eyes at me. "You were so sure you didn't need my help."

"Do you want to sit here and argue about it or are you going to help? My only goal here is Sasha. If you can help, great. If not, stop wasting my time."

"Someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed today." She sniffed at me.

"Does that mean you'll help?"

Morianne nodded. "Go. Save your damsel in distress. I will help, but you will need to bring Sasha to me."

"What, why?"

"You want my help, don't you? Then I will need to see her."

I sighed and nodded. It wasn't a deal I wanted to make. I knew that whatever Morianne wanted with Sasha couldn't be good. I didn't have a choice anymore.

"Fine. But you promise you won't hurt her?"

"I told you, Lucas, I want her alive and safe. Her power is important."

I studied Morianne for a moment, suspicions swirling in my mind. Finally, I nodded. "Alright. I'm going to crash the wedding. Be ready to back me up."

"Of course."

I headed to the venue. There was soft music playing and the wedding guests were still finding their seats. I walked right through them all, completely unnoticed. They all thought I was one of the crowd.

I still couldn't believe how bougie and tacky the wedding was. I blocked out everything around me and focused on finding Sasha. She was probably in the resort, getting ready.

The lobby was filled with guests. I saw a gaggle of girls dressed in similar colored dresses. They were gushing about the wedding and whispering to each other. Those must have been Sasha's bridesmaids.

I slipped by them, and the well-dressed groomsmen across the lobby. There were plenty of beefed-up guards hanging around the resort. They were on high alert, but I somehow made it by all of them.

Either they were looking for someone else or they didn't expect me to show up in a suit.

Based on the extravagance of the wedding, I had a feeling I'd find the bride getting ready in the most luxurious suite, at the top of the resort. I got into an elevator and headed up to the top floor.

As I suspected, the penthouse had a sign on the door saying "Bride."

I pressed my ear to the door and listened. Soft sniffles came through the door. It sounded like Sasha

was crying. Without thinking, I burst into the room.

"What!?" She gasped and jumped to her feet.

"Sasha, what's wrong?"

She stood there in a little white slip, her wedding dress still hanging on the closet door. She sighed and dabbed a tissue at her eyes.

"What are you doing here? How did you get up here?"

When I realized she wasn't in danger, I shut the door behind me and locked it.

"I'm here to crash your wedding and save you from the worst mistake of your life."

She shook her head and tossed her tissue aside.

I realized suddenly that her slip was translucent and I could see the distinct outline of her panties over the curves of her hips, and how her breasts bulged out of the top of the cups of her bra. I kept trying to avert my eyes, but I couldn't stop sneaky peeks at her intoxicating figure hidden under such a thin sliver of fabric.

"How did you get in here? Donovan has the whole place covered."

"I'm sneaky. Are you worried about me?" I tilted my head at her.

She scoffed and grabbed a robe. I bit back my protest as she covered herself and I could no longer see

her panties and breast playing peek-a-boo under her slip.

"What are you even doing here? I thought Donovan scared you off."

"No, Sasha, he didn't. I came here to rescue you, to save you from this mistake. I'm not going to run off with my tail between my legs because your fiancé tried to throw his weight around."

A flicker of a smile ghosted across Sasha's lips.

"You're here to save me from my own wedding?"

"Yes." I held my hand out to her.

"I was hoping you'd say that." She took my hand and I pulled her closer.

"You were?" I creased my brow.

Sasha nodded. "I tried to see you after the bachelorette party, but I couldn't get away from Donovan's goons. He had them watch me day and night until the wedding."

"Well, this is a pleasant surprise," I admitted. "I was expecting you to argue and put up a fight."

"I trust you, Lucas. Don't ask me how or why, but I do. So, once we get away from this place, you need to explain everything to me."

I grinned and nodded. "Of course. I will tell you everything as soon as we are safe. Now, do you want to change, or do you want me to run off with you in your bathrobe?"

I let my eyes trail down to the opening of her robe. Her cleavage was still visible. Unconsciously, I licked my lips.

Sasha groaned and pulled the robe closed tight around her. She stepped away from me and got some clothes together.

“You know, we'll never get around Donovan's security. You might have been able to slip by, but they'll recognize me in an instant.”

“I know.”

She ducked into the suite bathroom to change. I headed to the nearest window and looked out at the guests.

Almost everyone was seated. Any second, Morianne's distraction would need to happen. Otherwise, Sasha and I wouldn't get out of there.

“I've taken care of it.”

“So, what's the plan? Are we just going to make a mad dash for it?”

She emerged from the bathroom fully dressed.

“Yes, we'll run, when the time is right.”

“AHHHHH!” A piercing scream came from outside.

I saw a flood of wild rogues pour into the venue. They attacked the decorations, overturning chairs, shredding the flowers.

Guests screamed and clamored to get away as Donovan's guards raced in to try to protect them.

I turned to Sasha and smirked. “Time to run.”

She nodded and took my hand.

We took the elevator down and raced out of the resort. Sounds of fighting filled the air, and I could tell that the guards weren't doing so well against the rogues.

Groaning, I slowed down.

“What are you doing?” Sasha looked at me with wide eyes.

“Do you really want to leave your friends and family behind to get mauled?”

Sasha glanced back at the venue. “No. We can't leave them. But what can we do? I'm not a great fighter.”

“It's okay. You have strength and power you don't even know about,” I assured.

Sasha shrugged.

"You trust me, right?"

"Yeah..."

"Then stay close. I won't let anyone hurt you, okay?"

She nodded and moved closer to me. We raced back to the venue. I found a safe corner for her.

"Stay here. I'll keep an eye on you, but I need to get in there and help round up some of the guests to get them to safety."

While Donovan's guards wrestled with the rogues, I ran in and gathered some of the cowering guests. I found all of Sasha's bridesmaids huddled together.

"Come with me. I'll get you out of here," I promised, holding my arms out.

They nodded and followed me. I sent them into the resort where they wouldn't see Sasha.

"Get these guests to safety," I demanded, looking at the resort employees. "I'll bring more in."

They immediately got to work helping get the bridesmaids somewhere safe. The rogues didn't seem to be trying to get into the resort. I doubted that Morianne cared how many people got hurt by her wild rogues.

I went back into the fight, dodging around guards and rogues, jumping back to avoid a body falling on me.

Most of the guests were just terrified, but a few of them had bad injuries from the initial attack. I glanced

to the corner where Sasha was. She was fine and they were leaving her alone, but I could see the terror and concern in her face.

I ran to the injured guests and scooped one of the women up in my arms.

"Can you walk?" I asked the others.

They all nodded, hugging each other and trembling.

"Come with me. I'll get you to safety."

I got them to the resort where an employee had medical supplies. He was already working to patch up the guests as much as possible.

Back out in the venue, it looked like the rogues were getting the upper hand against the guards. I had to get Sasha out of there. It was getting dangerous, and there was no way I could fight off that many rogues, or guards, if they turned on us.

I raced back to Sasha. The guests were safe. We could leave in good conscience. She bounced on the balls of her feet and waved me toward her quickly.

“Hurry, hurry!”

I glanced behind me and saw a ravenous rogue racing toward me, foaming at the mouth. I hurried, ignoring the aching in my calves. If he got his claws into me, I was done....

“Go, Sasha, I'm right behind you!” I motioned for her to take off.

“Come on, Lucas!”

Just before I reached her, something solid hit my back. I groaned and pitched forward.

“Lucas!”

I looked up and Sasha rushed toward me.

“No, get yourself to safety!”

She wasn't looking at me though. She ran up to me and stood over me protectively. Sasha clapped her hands and a shockwave went out, sending all the rogues and Donovan's guards back.

I smirked and hopped to my feet. “I told you that you had unimaginable power.”

Sasha stared at her hands in disbelief. I grabbed her arm and tugged her out of the venue. I knew it wouldn't take long for the rogues to recover.

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Chapter 1014: Chapter 71 : Wedding Crasher Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder by author Alice Knightsky here.

Lucas

Sasha still looked stunned as I brought her back to where Morianne and I first met. She kept glancing back at the venue.

“Did I really do that?”

I nodded. “You have a lot of power. I don't even know what you're capable of.”

“And you knew I had this power?”

I nodded again. She hadn't taken her hand from mine since we left the venue. I took that as a good sign.

“How do you know more about me than I know about myself? You said you'd explain everything.”

“I will.”

Sasha stopped suddenly and pulled me up short. Sighing, I turned to face her. She gave me a hard look, crossing her arms.

“Tell me now. Ever since you showed up in my life, it has all turned upside down. I deserve to know why.”

“You're right. You do.”

We hadn't made it to the place where I was supposed to bring Sasha, per Morianne's instructions. If I wanted to fully gain Sasha's trust again, I needed to make time for this because it was important to her.

“Alright, I'll tell you what I can, because honestly, there's a lot I still don't know or understand.”

Sasha scoffed. “That's comforting.”

I chuckled and held my hand out to her. “We should keep moving. I don't want those rogues, or Donovan's guards, to track us once they stop beating each other up.”

She took my hand and walked to my side. “Yeah, that's a good idea.”

“This is what I know... you're a Dream Dancer, someone with very powerful magic passed down through the Dark King's line.”

Sasha's eyes widened. “My mom always said my father passed something evil to me.”

I squeezed her hand. “I don't think the power is evil, and you don't either. You've told me many times that you intend to use the power for good.”

She creased her brow. "I don't have any memory of you other than when you bullied me when we were kids. How is it that we've had these conversations and you know such personal things about me?"

"Well, and please be open minded about this, I'm from a different reality, or time line."

Sasha stopped again and stared at me. She was completely frozen, her fingers slack in my hand.

"Sasha...?"

"This isn't a joke, Lucas!"

"I'm not joking. I told you, I don't understand all of it either, but I know that this is not my world, not with the memories I have."

She sighed and looked at her feet. "I guess that makes sense, seeing as you have these memories and I don't."

"In my world, we found this orb. With your Dream Dancer power, you're able to tap into the orb and receive visions. Somehow, it transports us to an alternate timeline temporarily. Only, this time, it isn't temporary. I've been here for days."

"And in the other world, we're mates?" Sasha stumbled over the word like she didn't want to say it in relation to me.

I nodded. "We were paired together with your work-study program, and that's how we found the orb and got closer and closer. We've been on some strange journey trying to discover the mystery of the orb."

"I wish I could remember. What I don't understand is why I can't feel the mate bond. I'm old enough, and I feel some kind of pull to you, but it is barely there."

"We'll get to the bottom of it, I promise."

We made it to the spot where Morianne planned to meet us. The priestess had a long cloak on, her hood up concealing her face.

"Lucas, well done. I was concerned that you wouldn't make it out, especially when you decided to stick around and help the guests."

I shook my head. "I never asked you to put others in danger. That wasn't the distraction I had in mind."

"Then you should have been more specific. Come with me. We have much to discuss."

She snapped her bony fingers and beckoned us to follow her.

I glanced sideways at Sasha.

She shrugged. "Who is this woman?"

"She's a priestess and a witch. Morianne has powerful magic, and I think she can help us figure out what is going on."

"Do you trust her?"

I glanced at the back of Morianne's head. "No, but I'm not sure we have a choice."

"Well, I trust you, so if you think it is the only way." Sasha gave my hand a little squeeze.

We followed Morianne to a small, crumbling temple on the outskirts of the village. It seemed like the kind of place a mildly unstable witch would spend her time.

The roof was caved in and the exterior walls crumbled slightly. Crows hung out in the yard, cawing and pecking at the dusty ground and dried-up grass.

An eerie feeling settled over me as we followed Morianne inside, but I hid it from Sasha. I didn't want her to be nervous about any of this. She was trusting me.

Inside the temple was covered in several layers of dust. There were broken windows and cobwebs all over the place.

"Don't mind the housekeeping. This is merely the safest place in the vicinity for us to talk." Morianne chuckled and pulled her cloak off, draping it over a lopsided, decaying altar.

I waited for Morianne to say more.

She faced us and tilted her head, studying Sasha closely. "Huh, this is the Dream Dancer?"

Slowly, I moved between Morianne and Sasha, taking a protective stance. I didn't like the way Morianne looked at her. I glared at the priestess.

Morianne grinned and waved off my display.

"So, you stole the bride. Congratulations. Are the two of you going to run off together and live happily ever after?"

"Actually, I was hoping to get my memories back first. Lucas has all kinds of memories that I don't have, like us being mates."

"Do you know what could suppress a mate bond?" I asked.

Morianne was a witch, so she had to have some ideas.

“There are a few options. Are you sure she is your mate in this world?”

“I've never felt a mate bond to anyone. Sometimes, it feels like I just don't have one. That's not normal, is it?” Sasha gave Morianne a pleading look.

“No, it isn't. It is likely that something is suppressing the mate bond.” Morianne nodded.

“Donovan claimed he didn't have a way to do that, but what if he did? Has he ever given you anything to eat or drink that might....”

I trailed off when I saw the blood drain from Sasha's face.

“Smoothies—every few days he'd insist I drink a smoothie he made. I didn't drink the last one, and that's when I started to feel like I needed to find you.” She flicked her eyes at me.

“There are only a few toxins that suppress a mate bond that can be administered through food and drink. If you'll let me, I can give you a tonic that will flush the toxin from your system.”

I gave Morianne a wary look.

“Yes, please! I have to know!”

I squeezed Sasha's hand. “Hang on. Are you sure you want to rush into this?”

Sasha nodded. “I need to know what these feelings are. More importantly, I need to know if Donovan really... if he did this to me....”

“Okay, I understand.” I looked back at Morianne. “It's safe?”

“Of course. I told you already that I have no desire to hurt the little Dream Dancer.”

Morianne pulled a medicine chest out from under the altar. She hummed to herself as she searched through it. Finally, she pulled out a vial with a murky, pale blue liquid.

“Here we are. Drink this down.”

She handed the vial to Sasha. Without hesitation, Sasha popped the top off and threw it back like a shot.

I stared at her, surprised and awed by her urgency.

“Oh, that's—” She sputtered and coughed, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. “Bitter.”

“Sasha, how are you feeling?”

She creased her brow and frowned. I saw her eyes drift to the empty vial in her hand. Suddenly, her eyes snapped up, and I saw the bright glint of her wolf rise in her eyes.

She gasped and stumbled backward. I jumped forward and caught her, keeping her steady.

"Whoa," she whispered. "I've felt my wolf since my birthday, but never like this. She's so much stronger, and I can really sense her feelings. It's like a veil between us just lifted."

"Ahh, then your fiancé chose to suppress the mate bond by suppressing your connection to your wolf. It probably subdued a lot of your instincts and feelings as well. Better to control you."

Sasha rubbed her forehead. "I... why would he do that?"

"Because he's a jackass," I muttered.

"Lucas." Sasha grabbed my shirt in her fist.

"What is it, what's wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong. You were right. We are mates. I feel it so strongly now. That's why I've been drawn to you this whole time. I can't believe he did this to me!"

"I can." I sighed.

Sasha frowned. "Really?"

"Yes. In every reality I've been to, Donovan has been a dick."

"I guess it is a good thing I didn't marry him."

I chuckled. "I'd never let that happen, whether you remember me or not."

Sasha's frown deepened. "I don't have any of the memories we talked about. I still only remember you from our childhood."

Sighing, I looked to Morianne for answers. "Is there a way to recover her memories?"

"Lucas, I told you before, she's not your Sasha."

I growled warningly. Morianne shrugged it off.

"You are still not in your own reality, and the Sasha from your reality didn't come here with you. Yes, the Lucas and Sasha of this world are mates. However, you're the one out of place here."

"Right...."

“She doesn't belong to you. She belongs to the Lucas of this world.”

“What do we do about that? I'd like the Lucas of this world to come back so he can protect Sasha and keep Donovan from her. And I know that I should return to my own world and my Sasha.”

“This is head-spinning,” Sasha grumbled.

Morianne plucked at her lower lip. “You're right, Lucas. You do need to get back to your own reality. Despite your best intentions, we have no idea how your actions will impact this reality.”

“I don't know how to get back. In the past, it was temporary, and I switched back after about a day. It's been a lot longer than that.”

Morianne grinned widely, almost maliciously. A shiver ran down my spine, and I instinctively encircled Sasha in my arms, holding her to my chest.

“I can help you get back to your reality. But first, we need to find the orb.”

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Sasha

Lucas and the witch kept talking about an orb, but I wasn't listening anymore. I just kept staring at Lucas. It was like I was seeing him for the first time. He was so handsome and strong. The firm cut of his jaw and the serious, determined look in his eyes told me he would stop at nothing to keep me safe.

His strong arms still held me against his chest. His scent filled my nose, making my head a little foggy. From time to time, he shifted, and his muscles tensed. I could feel how strong he was, and I couldn't remember feeling this safe and secure with anyone before.

Lucas's entire form seemed to emanate light like he was some kind of god. He was absolutely stunning.

“We'll work on it. First, I want to get Sasha caught up on everything and let her rest. It's been a long couple of days.”

I came out of my thoughts at the sound of my name.

Lucas looked at me and grinned. “Does that sound good?”

My heart swooned and I felt the heat rise to my cheeks. I must have been beet red.

“Y-yeah.” My voice croaked, and I wished the ground would open up and swallow me.

How sexy was that? I sounded like a frog....

“You know where to find me. I’ll be waiting,” Morianne said.

Lucas nodded and guided me out of the temple. I could tell he had a lot on his mind, so I went back to appreciating how stunning and attractive he was.

I remembered him from grade school. Back then, I wasn’t thinking about how cute boys were. The memory of when he broke my bracelet was strongest, but I had other vague memories of him taunting me and picking on me.

I wasn’t the only one he teased, either. He was a bully.

I didn’t see any trace of that immature little brat in him anymore. He had grown up, and he was a strong, powerful shifter that I knew I could trust and lean on.

“Are you hungry? You mentioned that you hadn’t eaten much over the past couple of days.”

“I... um... yeah....”

Dammit, I needed to get with the program—why was I a blabbering i****t around him?

Lucas didn’t seem to mind. He just nodded, and we headed back into town.

Lucas took me to the first restaurant we came across.

He was so amazing, the way he took control and made things happen. We sat across from each other, and I spent more time staring at him than looking at my menu.

“How are you feeling after taking that potion?” He glanced at me and put his own menu down.

“I’m okay. It’s a little weird with all this new stuff going on, but I’m okay. It doesn’t seem that hard to get used to.” I bit my lower lip.

Lucas smirked and picked up his menu again. “Get something big to eat. You look hungry.”

I arched an eyebrow. “You can tell when I look hungry?”

“Let’s just say I’ve learned to tell a lot of things about you.” He winked at me.

A pleasant shudder ran through me and I quickly picked up my menu and started looking at the food options.

I ordered a Caesar salad and Lucas ordered a steak.

"What's my life like, in your reality?" I asked. I couldn't help but wonder who the other 'me' was.

The way Lucas talked about her, he was clearly in love with her, and I realized I was a little jealous of my own alternate self. How weird was that?

"The Sasha I know, she was studying to be an architect. I was heading some important projects, and her work-study program through her university paired us together. She really wasn't happy about it at first, but I feel like it was the Moon Goddess bringing us together."

I smiled and looked down at my plate. "I never got an opportunity like that here."

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"So, I take it that your life is very different."

I nodded. "I was about to marry Donovan, remember? You made it sound like the version of me that you know would never do that."

"Well, fortunately, she had me to intervene long before it ever got that far. Who's looking out for you here?"

I chewed the inside of my cheek and pushed some lettuce around with my fork. In all my life, I'd only had one person looking out for me.

"My mom has always been there for me. She's been the one person I can always count on."

Lucas's brow creased, and something passed through his eyes. I didn't quite know what it was, but I thought he might have pitied me.

"Tell me more about her. You have such a deep reverence for her, and I want to know about her strengths. I feel like I've been living in a shell of myself and maybe knowing more about her would help me understand who I'm supposed to be."

"Seshe, there isn't anything wrong with you the way you are. Sure, you have some self-discovery to do, but that doesn't mean you should try to be someone you're not."

I sighed and nodded. "You're right. I'd still like to know what I could be capable of."

"Very well. After we found the orb, the Seshe I know was determined to figure out what the orb meant and what message it was trying to send her. We ended up traveling to the Light Realm and following up on some crazy leads."

"I've never had an adventure like that." My heart sank a little.

My other self had so much freedom and determination. How had I let myself get locked down with a guy like Donovan?

"She sounds very determined."

Lucas chuckled and nodded. "Determined, motivated, resourceful, and she never backs down or gives up."

I heard the adoration in Lucas's voice. The way he spoke about his Seshe, he cared for her and was completely devoted.

My stomach sank and my previous appetite disappeared rapidly. The Lucas sitting with me and talking to me—he didn't belong to me. The more I listened to what he had to say about the other me, the more I got the sense that he wouldn't rest until he got back to her.

I wondered what my Lucas was like. Whether, the Lucas that belonged in this world, the one that was really my mate.

Would I get to meet him once this Lucas got back to his own reality? I really hoped so. I hoped he was

half as chivalrous and devoted as this Lucas.

"Are you done eating? We can get out of here if you'd like."

"Yeah, I'm finished." I set my fork down.

I followed Lucas out of the restaurant. He was such a gentleman that he paid for my lunch and everything. We headed down the sidewalk, but I wasn't sure where we were going. He hadn't told me.

"I should have known we'd find you together."

I froze.

Donovan's voice was the last I wanted to hear....

"Donovan, our business with you is done," Lucas growled. He immediately pulled me behind him protectively.

"Heh. You're outnumbered again, Lucas." Donovan snapped his fingers.

Shifters closed in around us, coming off of side streets and out of nearby buildings.

I grabbed Lucas's arm as familiar faces swarmed around me.

“Don't think I'll make it easy for you,” Lucas snarled.

“Lucas, don't. You don't want to mess with these guys.” I tightened my hand around his muscular arm.

I smiled and looked down at my plate. “I never got an opportunity like that here.”

“So, I take it that your life is very different.”

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“Lucas, don't. You don't want to mess with these guys.” I tightened my hand around his muscular arm.

He tensed and glanced over his shoulder at me.

“I'm not going to let them touch you.”

"I know some of these guys. You really don't want to mess with them. They won't hurt us... I don't think so. We should do what they want."

"You want me to give up?" asked Lucas.

"I think that is a very wise idea. Unless you want to get Sasha covered in your blood." Donovan wagged his eyebrows.

"Please, Lucas," I pleaded.

"Fine." He growled, standing down. "How do you know these men?"

"They are part of my father's pack. He wouldn't give them orders to hurt me."

"You're sure?" Donovan asked, crossing his arms.

"Are you?" Lucas added.

"I'm sure." I nodded.

As far as my father was concerned, I was still more valuable to him alive.

"You know your father?" Lucas asked.

"He's waiting for you." Donovan said. Several cars pulled around and came to a stop.

Donovan opened the back doors and my father's shifters moved in closer, ushering us closer to the car.

I clung to Lucas as we climbed into the big car. Donovan and the other shifters traveled in other cars. I was grateful to have some time alone with Lucas.

"Where are we going?" Lucas asked the driver.

In response, the driver closed the divider between the front and the back seats.

"How polite." He growled under his breath and settled into the back seat.

"I'm guessing they are taking me to my father's pack," I explained.

Lucas arched an eyebrow at me. "Have you spent much time with your father?"

I frowned, confused by his question. "I take it that the Sasha in your reality doesn't have a relationship with her father?"

“No. She's never met him. In fact, he died. Her mother kept her far away from his pack and protected her from them ever finding her.”

“How is that possible? After you broke my bracelet, he came for me. He found us and....”

I trailed off with a heavy sigh.

“In my timeline, something similar happened,” he said. “Only Sasha's mother knew someone who could help protect her.”

“Oh. That would have been nice.” My stomach shifted uneasily, and I looked out the window at the blurry landscape. Maybe my life would have been different if my mother knew someone who could help.

“I don't know. Sasha described it as the most traumatic day of her life when it happened. I think it hurt her for a lot of years.”

Lucas shifted beside me. From the sounds of it, both of us Sashas had complicated lives.

“Well, in this reality, my father sent his pack members after me. Once they are ordered to do something, they don't stop.”

“That's why you recognize some of those shifters that came after us?”

“Yeah.” I nodded absently. “I don't know how Donovan got involved with them, but I don't want you to get involved. They would kill you without a thought.”

Lucas scoffed. “I appreciate you getting me to back off.”

“Look, when they came for us, we were powerless. Neither my mom nor I put up much of a fight. It was easy for them to take us. They brought us to my father in the Dark Realm and kept us hidden there.”

I noticed the deep crease in Lucas's brow. “That's awful.”

“I guess it is time to go back.” I sighed and leaned my head against the window.

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SOLD AS THE ALPHA KING'S BREEDER

Chapter 1014: Chapter 71 : Wedding Crasher

Lucas

The day of the wedding, I put on a nice suit and checked my reflection in the mirror. I smirked at myself. There was no way Sasha could resist me with these smooth lines.

I hadn't heard from her since the bachelorette party. It was upsetting. I thought she'd try to reach out to me afterward. The Sasha I knew would. The more I thought about it, the more I had to consider that she really wasn't my Sasha.

Still, I wasn't giving up on her any time soon. I put a flower in my breast pocket and grabbed the "save the date" invite her mother gave me.

There was one stop I needed to make before going to the wedding venue to get Sasha. I needed backup.

I went back to the place where I first encountered Morianne in this timeline, just outside the wedding venue. I had a feeling she was keeping close tabs on me since she seemed to think I needed her.

I wasn't about to admit that I needed her, but I was about to crash a high-profile wedding. Maybe I didn't trust her, but I needed backup.

"Alright, Morianne, I'm ready to talk strategy." I turned in a slow circle, waiting for her to show up.

"Finally. You took long enough."

I whipped around and faced her. Where she came from, I had no idea. It didn't matter. She was here

now.

"Look, I need to get to Sasha. She's at the wedding. It is well-guarded and there are a lot of guests. Can you help me with some kind of distraction?"

Morianne narrowed her eyes at me. "You were so sure you didn't need my help."

"Do you want to sit here and argue about it or are you going to help? My only goal here is Sasha. If you can help, great. If not, stop wasting my time."

"Someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed today." She sniffed at me.

"Does that mean you'll help?"

Morianne nodded. "Go. Save your damsel in distress. I will help, but you will need to bring Sasha to me."

"What, why?"

"You want my help, don't you? Then I will need to see her."

I sighed and nodded. It wasn't a deal I wanted to make. I knew that whatever Morianne wanted with Sasha couldn't be good. I didn't have a choice anymore.

"Fine. But you promise you won't hurt her?"

"I told you, Lucas, I want her alive and safe. Her power is important."

I studied Morianne for a moment, suspicions swirling in my mind. Finally, I nodded. "Alright. I'm going to crash the wedding. Be ready to back me up."

"Of course."

I headed to the venue. There was soft music playing and the wedding guests were still finding their seats. I walked right through them all, completely unnoticed. They all thought I was one of the crowd.

I still couldn't believe how bougie and tacky the wedding was. I blocked out everything around me and focused on finding Sasha. She was probably in the resort, getting ready.

The lobby was filled with guests. I saw a gaggle of girls dressed in similar colored dresses. They were gushing about the wedding and whispering to each other. Those must have been Sasha's bridesmaids.

I slipped by them, and the well-dressed groomsmen across the lobby. There were plenty of beefed-up guards hanging around the resort. They were on high alert, but I somehow made it by all of them.

Either they were looking for someone else or they didn't expect me to show up in a suit.

Based on the extravagance of the wedding, I had a feeling I'd find the bride getting ready in the most luxurious suite, at the top of the resort. I got into an elevator and headed up to the top floor.

As I suspected, the penthouse had a sign on the door saying "Bride."

I pressed my ear to the door and listened. Soft sniffles came through the door. It sounded like Sasha

was crying. Without thinking, I burst into the room.

"What!?" She gasped and jumped to her feet.

"Sasha, what's wrong?"

She stood there in a little white slip, her wedding dress still hanging on the closet door. She sighed and dabbed a tissue at her eyes.

"What are you doing here? How did you get up here?"

When I realized she wasn't in danger, I shut the door behind me and locked it.

"I'm here to crash your wedding and save you from the worst mistake of your life."

She shook her head and tossed her tissue aside.

I realized suddenly that her slip was translucent and I could see the distinct outline of her panties over the curves of her hips, and how her breasts bulged out of the top of the cups of her bra. I kept trying to avert my eyes, but I couldn't stop sneaky peeks at her intoxicating figure hidden under such a thin sliver of fabric.

"How did you get in here? Donovan has the whole place covered."

"I'm sneaky. Are you worried about me?" I tilted my head at her.

She scoffed and grabbed a robe. I bit back my protest as she covered herself and I could no longer see

her panties and breast playing peek-a-boo under her slip.

"What are you even doing here? I thought Donovan scared you off."

"No, Sasha, he didn't. I came here to rescue you, to save you from this mistake. I'm not going to run off with my tail between my legs because your fiancé tried to throw his weight around."

A flicker of a smile ghosted across Sasha's lips.

"You're here to save me from my own wedding?"

"Yes." I held my hand out to her.

"I was hoping you'd say that." She took my hand and I pulled her closer.

"You were?" I creased my brow.

Sasha nodded. "I tried to see you after the bachelorette party, but I couldn't get away from Donovan's goons. He had them watch me day and night until the wedding."

"Well, this is a pleasant surprise," I admitted. "I was expecting you to argue and put up a fight."

"I trust you, Lucas. Don't ask me how or why, but I do. So, once we get away from this place, you need to explain everything to me."

I grinned and nodded. "Of course. I will tell you everything as soon as we are safe. Now, do you want to change, or do you want me to run off with you in your bathrobe?"

I let my eyes trail down to the opening of her robe. Her cleavage was still visible. Unconsciously, I licked my lips.

Sasha groaned and pulled the robe closed tight around her. She stepped away from me and got some clothes together.

"You know, we'll never get around Donovan's security. You might have been able to slip by, but they'll recognize me in an instant."

"I know."

She ducked into the suite bathroom to change. I headed to the nearest window and looked out at the guests.

Almost everyone was seated. Any second, Morianne's distraction would need to happen. Otherwise, Sasha and I wouldn't get out of there.

"I've taken care of it."

"So, what's the plan? Are we just going to make a mad dash for it?"

She emerged from the bathroom fully dressed.

"Yes, we'll run, when the time is right."

"AHHHH!" A piercing scream came from outside.

I saw a flood of wild rogues pour into the venue. They attacked the decorations, overturning chairs, shredding the flowers.

Guests screamed and clamored to get away as Donovan's guards raced in to try to protect them.

I turned to Sasha and smirked. "Time to run."

She nodded and took my hand.

We took the elevator down and raced out of the resort. Sounds of fighting filled the air, and I could tell that the guards weren't doing so well against the rogues.

Groaning, I slowed down.

"What are you doing?" Sasha looked at me with wide eyes.

"Do you really want to leave your friends and family behind to get mauled?"

Sasha glanced back at the venue. "No. We can't leave them. But what can we do? I'm not a great fighter."

"It's okay. You have strength and power you don't even know about," I assured.

Sasha shrugged.

"You trust me, right?"

"Yeah..."

"Then stay close. I won't let anyone hurt you, okay?"

She nodded and moved closer to me. We raced back to the venue. I found a safe corner for her.

"Stay here. I'll keep an eye on you, but I need to get in there and help round up some of the guests to get them to safety."

While Donovan's guards wrestled with the rogues, I ran in and gathered some of the cowering guests. I found all of Sasha's bridesmaids huddled together.

"Come with me. I'll get you out of here," I promised, holding my arms out.

They nodded and followed me. I sent them into the resort where they wouldn't see Sasha.

"Get these guests to safety," I demanded, looking at the resort employees. "I'll bring more in."

They immediately got to work helping get the bridesmaids somewhere safe. The rogues didn't seem to be trying to get into the resort. I doubted that Morianne cared how many people got hurt by her wild rogues.

I went back into the fight, dodging around guards and rogues, jumping back to avoid a body falling on me.

Most of the guests were just terrified, but a few of them had bad injuries from the initial attack. I glanced

to the corner where Sasha was. She was fine and they were leaving her alone, but I could see the terror and concern in her face.

I ran to the injured guests and scooped one of the women up in my arms.

"Can you walk?" I asked the others.

They all nodded, hugging each other and trembling.

"Come with me. I'll get you to safety."

I got them to the resort where an employee had medical supplies. He was already working to patch up the guests as much as possible.

Back out in the venue, it looked like the rogues were getting the upper hand against the guards. I had to get Sasha out of there. It was getting dangerous, and there was no way I could fight off that many rogues, or guards, if they turned on us.

I raced back to Sasha. The guests were safe. We could leave in good conscience. She bounced on the balls of her feet and waved me toward her quickly.

"Hurry, hurry!"

I glanced behind me and saw a ravenous rogue racing toward me, foaming at the mouth. I hurried, ignoring the aching in my calves. If he got his claws into me, I was done....

"Go, Sasha, I'm right behind you!" I motioned for her to take off.

"Come on, Lucas!"

Just before I reached her, something solid hit my back. I groaned and pitched forward.

"Lucas!"

I looked up and Sasha rushed toward me.

"No, get yourself to safety!"

She wasn't looking at me though. She ran up to me and stood over me protectively. Sasha clapped her hands and a shockwave went out, sending all the rogues and Donovan's guards back.

I smirked and hopped to my feet. "I told you that you had unimaginable power."

Sasha stared at her hands in disbelief. I grabbed her arm and tugged her out of the venue. I knew it wouldn't take long for the rogues to recover.

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Chapter 1015: Chapter 72 : In Morianne's Clutches

Lucas

Sasha still looked stunned as I brought her back to where Morianne and I first met. She kept glancing back at the venue.

"Did I really do that?"

I nodded. "You have a lot of power. I don't even know what you're capable of."

"And you knew I had this power?"

I nodded again. She hadn't taken her hand from mine since we left the venue. I took that as a good sign.

"How do you know more about me than I know about myself? You said you'd explain everything."

"I will."

Sasha stopped suddenly and pulled me up short. Sighing, I turned to face her. She gave me a hard look, crossing her arms.

"Tell me now. Ever since you showed up in my life, it has all turned upside down. I deserve to know why."

"You're right. You do."

We hadn't made it to the place where I was supposed to bring Sasha, per Morianne's instructions. If I wanted to fully gain Sasha's trust again, I needed to make time for this because it was important to her.

"Alright, I'll tell you what I can, because honestly, there's a lot I still don't know or understand."

Sasha scoffed. "That's comforting."

I chuckled and held my hand out to her. "We should keep moving. I don't want those rogues, or Donovan's guards, to track us once they stop beating each other up."

She took my hand and walked to my side. "Yeah, that's a good idea."

"This is what I know... you're a Dream Dancer, someone with very powerful magic passed down through the Dark King's line."

Sasha's eyes widened. "My mom always said my father passed something evil to me."

I squeezed her hand. "I don't think the power is evil, and you don't either. You've told me many times that you intend to use the power for good."

She creased her brow. "I don't have any memory of you other than when you bullied me when we were kids. How is it that we've had these conversations and you know such personal things about me?"

"Well, and please be open minded about this, I'm from a different reality, or time line."

Sasha stopped again and stared at me. She was completely frozen, her fingers slack in my hand.

"Sasha...?"

"This isn't a joke, Lucas!"

"I'm not joking. I told you, I don't understand all of it either, but I know that this is not my world, not with the memories I have."

She sighed and looked at her feet. "I guess that makes sense, seeing as you have these memories and I don't."

"In my world, we found this orb. With your Dream Dancer power, you're able to tap into the orb and receive visions. Somehow, it transports us to an alternate timeline temporarily. Only, this time, it isn't temporary. I've been here for days."

"And in the other world, we're mates?" Sasha stumbled over the word like she didn't want to say it in relation to me.

I nodded. "We were paired together with your work-study program, and that's how we found the orb and got closer and closer. We've been on some strange journey trying to discover the mystery of the orb."

"I wish I could remember. What I don't understand is why I can't feel the mate bond. I'm old enough, and I feel some kind of pull to you, but it is barely there."

"We'll get to the bottom of it, I promise."

We made it to the spot where Morianne planned to meet us. The priestess had a long cloak on, her hood up concealing her face.

"Lucas, well done. I was concerned that you wouldn't make it out, especially when you decided to stick around and help the guests."

I shook my head. "I never asked you to put others in danger. That wasn't the distraction I had in mind."

"Then you should have been more specific. Come with me. We have much to discuss."

She snapped her bony fingers and beckoned us to follow her.

I glanced sideways at Sasha.

She shrugged. "Who is this woman?"

"She's a priestess and a witch. Morianne has powerful magic, and I think she can help us figure out what is going on."

"Do you trust her?"

I glanced at the back of Morianne's head. "No, but I'm not sure we have a choice."

"Well, I trust you, so if you think it is the only way." Sasha gave my hand a little squeeze.

We followed Morianne to a small, crumbling temple on the outskirts of the village. It seemed like the kind of place a mildly unstable witch would spend her time.

The roof was caved in and the exterior walls crumbled slightly. Crows hung out in the yard, cawing and pecking at the dusty ground and dried-up grass.

An eerie feeling settled over me as we followed Morianne inside, but I hid it from Sasha. I didn't want her to be nervous about any of this. She was trusting me.

Inside the temple was covered in several layers of dust. There were broken windows and cobwebs all over the place.

"Don't mind the housekeeping. This is merely the safest place in the vicinity for us to talk." Morianne chuckled and pulled her cloak off, draping it over a lopsided, decaying altar.

I waited for Morianne to say more.

She faced us and tilted her head, studying Sasha closely. "Huh, this is the Dream Dancer?"

Slowly, I moved between Morianne and Sasha, taking a protective stance. I didn't like the way Morianne looked at her. I glared at the priestess.

Morianne grinned and waved off my display.

"So, you stole the bride. Congratulations. Are the two of you going to run off together and live happily ever after?"

"Actually, I was hoping to get my memories back first. Lucas has all kinds of memories that I don't have, like us being mates."

"Do you know what could suppress a mate bond?" I asked.

Morianne was a witch, so she had to have some ideas.

"There are a few options. Are you sure she is your mate in this world?"

"I've never felt a mate bond to anyone. Sometimes, it feels like I just don't have one. That's not normal, is it?" Sasha gave Morianne a pleading look.

"No, it isn't. It is likely that something is suppressing the mate bond." Morianne nodded.

"Donovan claimed he didn't have a way to do that, but what if he did? Has he ever given you anything to eat or drink that might...."

I trailed off when I saw the blood drain from Sasha's face.

"Smoothies—every few days he'd insist I drink a smoothie he made. I didn't drink the last one, and that's when I started to feel like I needed to find you." She flicked her eyes at me.

"There are only a few toxins that suppress a mate bond that can be administered through food and drink. If you'll let me, I can give you a tonic that will flush the toxin from your system."

I gave Morianne a wary look.

"Yes, please! I have to know!"

I squeezed Sasha's hand. "Hang on. Are you sure you want to rush into this?"

Sasha nodded. "I need to know what these feelings are. More importantly, I need to know if Donovan really... if he did this to me...."

"Okay, I understand." I looked back at Morianne. "It's safe?"

"Of course. I told you already that I have no desire to hurt the little Dream Dancer."

Morianne pulled a medicine chest out from under the altar. She hummed to herself as she searched through it. Finally, she pulled out a vial with a murky, pale blue liquid.

"Here we are. Drink this down."

She handed the vial to Sasha. Without hesitation, Sasha popped the top off and threw it back like a shot.

I stared at her, surprised and awed by her urgency.

"Oh, that's—" She sputtered and coughed, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. "Bitter."

"Sasha, how are you feeling?"

She creased her brow and frowned. I saw her eyes drift to the empty vial in her hand. Suddenly, her eyes snapped up, and I saw the bright glint of her wolf rise in her eyes.

She gasped and stumbled backward. I jumped forward and caught her, keeping her steady.

"Whoa," she whispered. "I've felt my wolf since my birthday, but never like this. She's so much stronger, and I can really sense her feelings. It's like a veil between us just lifted."

"Ahh, then your fiancé chose to suppress the mate bond by suppressing your connection to your wolf. It probably subdued a lot of your instincts and feelings as well. Better to control you."

Sasha rubbed her forehead. "I... why would he do that?"

"Because he's a jackass," I muttered.

"Lucas." Sasha grabbed my shirt in her fist.

"What is it, what's wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong. You were right. We are mates. I feel it so strongly now. That's why I've been drawn to you this whole time. I can't believe he did this to me!"

"I can." I sighed.

Sasha frowned. "Really?"

"Yes. In every reality I've been to, Donovan has been a dick."

"I guess it is a good thing I didn't marry him."

I chuckled. "I'd never let that happen, whether you remember me or not."

Sasha's frown deepened. "I don't have any of the memories we talked about. I still only remember you from our childhood."

Sighing, I looked to Morianne for answers. "Is there a way to recover her memories?"

"Lucas, I told you before, she's not your Sasha."

I growled warningly. Morianne shrugged it off.

"You are still not in your own reality, and the Sasha from your reality didn't come here with you. Yes, the Lucas and Sasha of this world are mates. However, you're the one out of place here."

"Right...."

"She doesn't belong to you. She belongs to the Lucas of this world."

"What do we do about that? I'd like the Lucas of this world to come back so he can protect Sasha and keep Donovan from her. And I know that I should return to my own world and my Sasha."

"This is head-spinning," Sasha grumbled.

Morianne plucked at her lower lip. "You're right, Lucas. You do need to get back to your own reality. Despite your best intentions, we have no idea how your actions will impact this reality."

"I don't know how to get back. In the past, it was temporary, and I switched back after about a day. It's been a lot longer than that."

Morianne grinned widely, almost maliciously. A shiver ran down my spine, and I instinctively encircled Sasha in my arms, holding her to my chest.

"I can help you get back to your reality. But first, we need to find the orb."

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